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NOTICE: *It is proposed to publish a collection of Mr. Armine Ken's poems and essays at a subscription price of one guinea. The Editor would be obliged if intending subscribers would communicate with him.*

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Hope of peace between Russia and Japan has grown out of all proportion to the grounds of hope. The interpretation if not the fact of the reported plea from the Tsar has been denied; we have no intelligence of any sort of the probable reply to the Japanese Note; and information from business sources of the financial straits of Russia, even if literally true, does not suggest difficulties sufficient to deter a nation from fighting on any essential issue. There has been no sign of any diminution in the energy of preparation and the partial breakdown of Russia's transport arrangements by sea may be a cause of diplomatic delay, but will have no further effect. An increasing number of Russian troops are massing on the Korean frontier and the chance of the accidental outbreak that has been the occasion, though not the cause of many wars, grows more likely. The proposals of the Powers for mediation have been declined by Japan. Latest reports state that Japan has refused to accept the terms contained in the Russian reply to her Note; and there are rumours of fracas in Korea.

No doubt it is probable enough that the Powers have an increasing desire to prevent war, as conviction grows of the unlikelihood of insulating it. The "Novoe Vremya" quoted the words of "one of our most gifted statesmen", whom it is supposed is de Witte, on the terrible possibilities of the war and an English statesman, who might almost justify the same description, has expressed his personal belief that armed intervention will in the event of war become inevitable. The quarrel after all involves the Chinese sovereignty of Manchuria; and if China is involved, such a menace to European and American interests

must follow as will compel interference of one sort or another.

The opinions of the press, one may hope, are not likely greatly to affect the issue. If they were the responsibility resting on the "Times" would be heavy indeed. One is almost driven to the conclusion that this paper desires war. The special correspondent from Paris telegraphs with a suggestion of saucy satisfaction news of "the irritation produced in Russian official circles" by the English press and adds with a culminating sense of merit "they seem to find the 'Times' specially obnoxious". Two, perhaps three, continents are faced with a crisis delicate in the extreme, which if it develops in the direction of war may bring down a catastrophe from which every civilised man and nation should shrink; and the paper which above others was once held to be free of aggressive partiality loses no opportunity of aggravating in and out of season Russian national susceptibilities. The little fact of its correspondent having been expelled from Russia instead of stimulating should put the "Times" only the more on its guard against this childish temper.

It is puzzling to know whether the British force in Tibet should be described as an expedition or a commission. It is rather small for an army and rather large for an embassy. The Tibetans however have so far prudently preferred to treat it in the latter capacity and make it welcome, selling supplies and even complacently permitting the occupation of the Phari Fort which commands the Chumbi Valley. With unconsidered humour we are told by Reuter that the mission approached the fort in skirmishing order. It would seem that our Ambassador having advanced so far has waited to see whether the demonstration will frighten our friends the enemy into sending along their Amban to negotiate or their general to turn us out. The Tibetans, recognising the difference between the comparative comfort of Chumbi and the terrors of the inhospitable plateau beyond, are adopting a Fabian policy. Their force of observation further up the road can, like our own, become a mission or an army as circumstances may dictate. One thing is certain, that any advance beyond the Taung La Pass at this season will be extremely risky, will involve immense hardships and even invite a disaster if the transport fails and the

lines of communication are severed. The next move should decidedly be left to the Lama.

The troubles in German South-West Africa are of a more serious character than was at first realised even by the German Government. In his statement in the Reichstag on Monday Count von Bülow did not attempt to disguise the gravity of the situation brought about by the revolt of the Hereros in a territory practically undefended, owing to the absence of the Governor who has gone to the South to quell a rising of the Bondelzwarts. Windhoek, the Capital, and other places are isolated, and many settlers have been murdered. The Imperial authorities have been busy preparing three or four contingents of 250 marines who are to be sent out, as Prince Henry said at Kiel on Wednesday, to re-establish German prestige and German honour. The measures taken are certainly not excessive. For the reasons set out in another column we fear that German authority will not easily be restored. The forces either now embarking or shortly to be despatched will bring the German strength up to about 3,000 and the insurgent population numbers at least 200,000.

Those old Boers who objected to the gross impiety of interfering with heaven-sent weather will find a "judgment" in the Bloemfontein disaster. Owing to the great drought extensive experiments had been made with dynamite "rain-compellers". The experiments did not at first appear successful but were followed two days after their completion by a violent thunderstorm and great rains. The reservoir burst. The little stream through the town was flooded. Most of the houses along it were swept away. Between 20 and 30 lives were lost, about 180 buildings destroyed or damaged and some 300 people rendered homeless. Relief work was started at once; the homeless were put up in tents on the common land of the town; £1,000 was at once voted; subscriptions are being collected both in Pretoria and Johannesburg; and the Lord Mayor of London has announced his readiness to receive subscriptions. The total damage is estimated at some £200,000.

It was not wise of Mr. Deakin to follow Mr. Seddon's lead and suggest to the Imperial Government the danger of introducing Chinese labourers into South Africa. Australia naturally has a terror of "the yellow peril". We have heard Mr. Goldwin Smith say that Australia's fidelity to the Imperial idea might be assured in the future by the necessity of seeking aid from the navy of the Mother-country to keep off a more serious Chinese invasion. But to judge South African needs by Australian is to take the parochial view: a peculiarly unfortunate limitation at a moment when by giving unsought recommendations the colonial Premiers are suggesting a closeness of connexion between the different parts of the Empire which we have not before seen. The Imperial Government would not, as things now are, think of proffering such advice to Australia or New Zealand; and though Mr. Deakin has tendered the advice in the best spirit, his action only helps to bring out the immense gap between the sentiment of Imperial unity and its reality.

At a time when the Union Jackass brays much, one is inclined to be very suspicious of imperial peroration: so much of "vacant chaff" is successfully palmed off for grain. Lord Tennyson's farewell message to the Prime Minister and people of the Commonwealth of Australia is perhaps a little too highly flavoured for the fastidious, but there are reasons why they well may take from him what they would reject in many other cases. And the sincerity of the message is a great thing: it is at least as manifest as the destiny of the empire of which the message speaks. Moreover the homeliness of the last paragraph of the message, the way of taking his farewell, is good and natural—"Good-bye, God prosper you".

Mr. Arnold-Forster at Liverpool on Thursday spoke in a tone of diffidence, almost of apology, not exactly characteristic. He displayed full, almost painful, consciousness that he might have a successor, but we

should have liked a sign of recognition that he also had a predecessor. That Mr. Arnold-Forster is very much in earnest one knows on a priori grounds—there was never anything he was not in earnest about—and he sketched for himself a field of operation that will keep him occupied for many normal Secretariats of War. He suggests the complete reconstitution of the militia and the development of the volunteers; the formation of a professional class to study scientific problems; an optional system of enlistment for terms of two, three or eight years and insists on the need of increasing the number of trained subaltern officers and captains. He also insisted on the badness of many of the barracks and other defects in the army. All this we have heard before. We could have wished he had told us plainly whether he does or does not mean to reduce the strength of the regular army. His insistence on reliance on militia and volunteers only for home defence looks as though he did. It will be a terrible irony if Mr. Arnold-Forster should be the instrument chosen to lower the strength of our military establishment.

The death of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Keppel leaves James, Earl of Clanwilliam, in the venerable position of "father" of the Navy. Sir Harry was twenty-three years older than the new "father" and retired an admiral of the fleet before the latest generation of lieutenants were born. Officers and men cherished a respectful admiration for the sprightly veteran who commenced his sea career eighty-two years ago and whom worry could not touch. Sir Harry saw much service in his day and wore many honours on his breast but perhaps the rarest distinction he possessed, and one the papers failed to notice, was that of being an Oxford D.C.L.: we believe he was the only naval officer outside Royalty holding that degree.

A month or so ago we should have found Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the Guildhall a fine achievement; but the expectation to find in the last speech of the campaign a culmination of fervour and argument produced perhaps a little disappointment. There was little of the spirit of the Birmingham speech, except perhaps in one passage of the peroration. His plea to Londoners to think imperially was an apt adaptation of Alexander Hamilton's advice to the colonists to think continentally; and appealed to the enthusiasm of the meeting as no other passage in the speech. After all the gist of the message which Mr. Chamberlain has isolated himself to deliver is this duty of imperial imagination, the habit of looking at the oceans, not as barriers but as lines of communication safer than any railway at the mercy of a charge of dynamite. For the rest the speech perhaps unduly suggests the note of self-justification, though the progress of the argument was clear and simple. The system of free imports which we have reached is a thing very different from the free trade at which the free traders of fifty years ago aimed; and its results are inconsistent with the prosperity which happened to coincide with the abolition of the corn laws.

Imperial references apart, the essential point of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was the invasion of the home market. This he illustrated in two ways. In the first place he took the Board of Trade returns, over which the Free Importer has rejoiced inordinately, as supplying conclusive evidence in support of his case. Whilst both exports and imports have advanced, what do the returns made by the same department reveal? That an ever-increasing number of workers are being thrown out of employment. Mr. Chamberlain's deduction is as logical as simple. The foreigner yearly buys less from Great Britain though he continues to sell more and more to her, and the apparent economic paradox is to be explained only on the ground that the foreign manufacturer is underselling the Briton in his own market. If the colonies did not keep up our exports, we should be in the sorriest plight. The second point is the number of foreign banks that are starting busi-

ness in London. Banks follow trade not trade the banks, said Mr. Schuster recently and Mr. Chamberlain agreed, though he did not attempt to drive the moral home. The truer the axiom the more certain is it that the foreigner is securing the trade—the home trade, that is—and Mr. Schuster as an expert opposed to Mr. Chamberlain has from his own standpoint proved too much.

One could not but be reminded when reading the Duke of Devonshire's personal justification in his Tuesday's speech at Liverpool of the old refrain: "So whatsoever king may reign still I—." The Duke has indeed worked with and given up many leaders, though he has every right to claim that the defections have been successively theirs not his. In a Chinese statesman we should admire the permanency of the Duke's conviction and as Western States depend on the principle of progress, his constancy to old ideals constitutes a certain culpable want of belief in national growth. Nevertheless from any point of view the speech was admirably free from offence or unfairness. It would have been quite as innocent of political suggestion as Mr. Chamberlain's but for the acrid and unworthy allusions to Mr. Balfour. "Alas, they had been friends in youth!" and in these cases we know a subsequent quarrel is apt "to work like madness in the brain". But the Duke of Devonshire should have forgotten the natural petulance of Mr. Balfour's letter by this time.

Mr. Morley's speeches in Scotland have suffered from abridged reports. But no extension could give accuracy to his exegesis of Cobden's principles. In the first place Mr. Morley denies that Cobden was an untrue prophet. But did Cobden say or did he not that the rest of the world would soon follow our example? and if he laid stress on this consequence, how are we to presume that his expectation did not essentially influence his economic principles? Secondly it is undeniable that Cobden looked on the colonies as a burden presently to be dropped on the Harrington principle; and since Mr. Chamberlain's object, and Mr. Morley's too, he would say, is to benefit the Empire, how can Cobden's national economics longer apply? The third point on which Mr. Morley fails to bring Cobden up to date is connected with Cobden's policy of American prosperity. Cobden may have suggested that the United States would develop manufactures; but he certainly argued with repeated emphasis that agriculture would be the centre of American effort as it was the natural foundation of her wealth; and that as she grew prosperous we, who by the abolition of the Corn Laws had surrendered agriculture for manufacture, should in the natural course export more and more to America. Instead, the United States export to us some four times as much as we to them. Before this fact where is the accuracy of Cobden's prognostics?

At Forfar on Wednesday he indulged his hearers with a kind of character sketch of the Duke of Devonshire. It was interesting, but cold-blooded. And it might have been a sketch of King Log. A statesman with even the smallest degree of vanity would like to have some reference made, surely, to his intellectual powers. Mr. Morley's appreciation of the Duke of Devonshire faintly reminds one of the man who came to admire a picture, but did not get beyond the frame, with which he was much impressed. The Duke of Devonshire, he says, stands for great and responsible interests: he is "a territorialist": this is the frame of the Duke of Devonshire as Mr. Morley sees it, rather heavy and gilded. A Dundee paper, owned we believe by a Scotch M.P. who should be well posted in Liberal movements, predicts a great "At Home" or soiree at which the leaders of the Opposition are to meet the Duke of Devonshire. We have not the slightest idea whether such a party has been arranged, but if it has the greetings promise to be of a somewhat reserved, even austere, character, if this is the sort of reception which the Duke of Devonshire and his friends are to expect. In the same speech at Forfar Mr. Morley described the late inquiry as one

limited to a "mass of undigested statistics washed down by 'Rule Britannia'". But the figure was not altogether happy: for food is naturally swallowed before it is digested.

The Unionist candidate did not get in at Gateshead. On the contrary, indeed, the Liberal majority was slightly increased. In claiming this or Devonshire as a fine "Liberal victory" the Liberal newspapers show a judgment just equal to the judgment of Unionist newspapers, which saw a fine "Unionist victory" at Dulwich or Lewisham. Excuses and explanations by the defeated side after the event are contemptible enough; everybody who has the vaguest notion of press work must know that the writers of such sit down to say something in which they have no belief. And it is all to no purpose. In many ways politics in England are conducted in a large spirit: the form of the leaders on the whole is very good; far better than it was when our party system took shape. It is a pity then that so much that is false and absurd and insincere is paraded by ineffectual spectators, after bye elections, the more so when these have been fought with spirit on both sides.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer at a dinner of the Carpenters' Company on Thursday thought it wise to say something that might prepare the country for something like a disappointment. For many years we have confidently counted on the revenue exceeding the estimates, but Mr. Austen Chamberlain warns us not to expect Mr. Ritchie's Budget anticipations to be realised. In other words a surplus is impossible and a deficit not improbable. So that there can be no remission of taxation. Not pleasant this, of course, but Mr. Chamberlain is quite right to bid us look an unpleasant situation in the face promptly. We agree with him that, from the financial point of view, there are now too many gilt-edged securities on the market. Both national and local borrowing must be narrowly watched.

It appears from the Board of Trade returns given in the "Labour Gazette" of this month that since 1900 wages in the groups taken have shown a regular decrease. In most of these trades coal mining, quarrying, iron, iron and steel engineering and shipbuilding, there are decreases which if not very large are generally larger than the slight increases of 1902 over 1901. The fall in wages in 1901 and 1902 was mainly confined to coal mining, iron and steel, and shipbuilding trades, and in 1903 they continued to fall and the tendency spread to a number of other trades which were not affected in 1901 and 1902, such as the engineering, glass and clothing trades. The constant decreases, slight though they are, are unpleasant features; and the tendency to drop is emphasised by the fact that there were fewer trade disputes in 1903 than in any of the previous ten years. Trade disputes arise from good trade when there is a chance of getting better wages.

The Whitaker Wright trial has continued during the week, and Friday made the tenth day. On the conclusion of the evidence for the prosecution the defendant immediately went into the witness box, and for several days he was under examination and cross-examination. His evidence has been directed chiefly to defending the bona fides of the means by which the cash, amounting to over £500,000, in the London and Globe Bank as stated in the balance sheet of 1899 was obtained from transactions with the Standard Exploration Company; otherwise borrowings from various bankers and brokers. The most interesting of his statements was that which accounted for the transfer of the Globe's obligations on Lake View dealings in 1900 to the Standard Company. He declared that the Globe had been deceived by the treachery of its officers at the mines; and that in consequence of these unfair bear operations the shares which they bought instead of rising as anticipated fell greatly. In his opinion he said these people and not he ought to be on their trial. The trial is remarkable for the intricacy of the financial operations which have been investigated. It is a severe intellectual discipline for the jury, "special" though they be. In several instances where the defendant has

admitted irregularities in the accounts he has pleaded the weighty matters he had to deal with; and the judge spoke of some of his answers as tending to confuse the Court.

Mr. Balfour made a brilliant speech on Wednesday at the dinner to Mr. J. H. Butcher, late Professor of Greek at Edinburgh. After being taught classics for ten years he said "I learned no more than was necessary to induce the University of Cambridge to teach me something else." Have I or have I not had a classical education? he asked. Here is wisdom clad in jesting shape. Mr. Balfour's point was that the benefits of classical education depend on the teaching. If that is ideal, then classical education is "the best of all introductions to knowledge in whatever province knowledge is to be found". That seems to be the ultimate fact in the controversy; and it makes those of us who see this impatient with the shallow talk about eliminating Greek because it is of no practical value. Those who take this view might consider Mr. Butcher's amplification of Mr. Balfour's idea: "Be the place of Greek in the curriculum what it might, no university was in the full sense living which was not animated by the Greek ideal." If this is true it suggests that the place of Greek in the curriculum should be a high one, and its teaching made really effectual in giving the "classical education" which Mr. Balfour professes he failed to get even in ten years.

In days of old boys used to fancy they wanted to be pirates after reading the penny dreadfuls. Hidden treasure on the Spanish Main also had its attractions; but now boys find that most of the hidden treasure is deposited by vulgar self-advertising newspapers. This is getting them into trouble with magistrates, and we heartily hope before long that the proprietors will find themselves in the same position. When we cannot travel in safety on the roads because treasure seekers are at work, and we are invaded by them at home, we realise in an unexpected form the benefits of the enlightened modern press. Without these newspapers at any rate we should hardly be able to test the average intelligence; they are foolometers of the people in excellent working order.

Mr. Warner's team met their first defeat at Adelaide on Tuesday; but though the defeat was complete and the conditions were perfect and perfectly equal, there is nothing in the result to suggest that the balance of merit has been altered. The Australians made about a hundred runs each innings more than we did, but their score was not excessive and the indifference of the English batting may be taken as one of the natural accidents of cricket. The cricket seems to have been a little faster than English batsmen are accustomed to; and in both innings only Warner Hayward and Hirst ever quite found the pace of it. Fielder who was tried for the first time was not a success. He got one wicket in the two innings and missed a critical catch. The feature of the bowling was the irresistible effect of Bosanquet's eccentric slows on the tail in each innings. He is one of the few bowlers in existence who can both conceal his break and make the ball turn on any wicket. As a bat he is so far another instance of the failure of the hitters on Australian wickets.

By the death of Mr. Arthur Strong, Librarian of the House of Lords, learning in England suffers a heavy loss. Mr. Strong went from Cambridge to study under Renan, and became known at an early age as a student of Oriental languages. But the range of his learning went far beyond that department, and in later years he devoted his trained critical intelligence to the study of the history of art. As librarian to the Duke of Devonshire he began the examination and publication of the treasures of Chatsworth and other great English houses, and he was one of the editors of the new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. A mind of rare quality and grasp was lodged in a fragile frame, and the lack of endowment for special learning in this country led perhaps to an overstrain on Mr. Strong's powers of writing and teaching in his earlier years. He dies at the early age of forty, and with him much irrecoverable knowledge and thought.

THE TARIFF TUMULT.

THIS has been a fighting week indeed. The noise of battle has been more continually in our ears, who have to follow the movements of the combatants with precision, than at any time hitherto. Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire were engaged on the same day, while Mr. Morley has been pounding away all the week in Scotland; and a new and grotesque element has been added in the appearance in the field of a fighting parson. Gradually this contest is getting more regular; the forces arrayed against each other are more clearly discerned; and every day makes plainer how stiff the fight will be. Both sides in their full strength would now be regularly at grips were it not for one thing alone. Mr. Balfour is still holding back a large contingent in the Tariff Reform army. It cannot be done much longer, for the contest has acquired a momentum which the leaders on either side are powerless to control. That is one thing Mr. Chamberlain has done past undoing. Whatever happens now, this Tariff Reform movement will go on: neither party discipline, nor policy of the moment, nor any opportunist considerations will keep those who see in this movement the only escape from national decay from pushing on to a final issue. Every week more of us realise, on either side, what this issue involves; and those who have once realised this will see that it far outweighs in importance Home Rule and every other political consideration. Convinced combatants on either side can but feel that in the importance of carrying or rejecting this policy the breaking up of a party weighs very light. We tariff reformers are aware that we are entering on a long struggle; we shall make our preparations accordingly. Any free trader who supposes that the loss of a few by-elections will affect our resolve to go on makes a very great mistake. Not the loss of next general election or of a second general election will kill this movement. If they have persistency, those who contend for a positive have a great strategic advantage over those who maintain a negative; if they can only hold on, they usually win in the end. Conservatives know from unpleasant experience that it is much easier in politics to attack than to defend, and they are not likely to forget the lesson, when it happens to tell in their favour. Free traders are calculating that Mr. Chamberlain must do this thing quickly, or it cannot be done at all; that they have only to win one victory at the polls to settle the question finally. They are very much on the wrong track.

It is a pity that the Bishop of Hereford did not make his burlesque entry in the fray before Mr. Chamberlain's meeting on Tuesday. He would have given Mr. Chamberlain such a delightful text. As Churchmen we should regret Dr. Percival's indecent exhibition of himself as a partisan, did we not know that he has no influence whatever in his own Church, rather in the Church in which he is content to enjoy the position and revenues of a Bishopric. No one who has any knowledge of the Church of England ever sees in what is said or done by the Bishop of Hereford anything that commits or reflects on Churchmen. Dr. Percival represents Churchmen about as much as Dr. Clifford, whose style he so carefully, and not unsuccessfully, imitates. This outburst of his does not at all surprise us. He obtained his Bishopric from Lord Rosebery as a reward for his Liberalism, and, to do him justice, he has never been so ungrateful as to lose a single opportunity to justify the grounds of Lord Rosebery's selection. He has posed consistently as the champion of the Church's enemies; which explains his own description of himself as absolutely isolated on the episcopal bench. Perhaps he thinks that duty to his patron makes it necessary for him to plough a lonely furrow.

Probably, however, Mr. Chamberlain would have thought Dr. Percival's shrieking unfit for mention in so dignified a place as the Guildhall. It would not have been compatible with the coolly reasoned treatment he wished to give the tariff question at a meeting of commercial men in the City of London. Necessarily Mr. Chamberlain went over old

ground; he was, in effect, summing up the results of the first phase of the controversy. It is a plain fact that we have no such thing as free trade; that the export trade of this country is hardly increasing at all; that compared with our rivals, America and Germany, it is rapidly retrograde; that a growing proportion of our exports consists of raw materials required for our rivals' manufactures, while they take less and less of our finished home-made articles; that imports into this country consist more and more of finished manufactured goods, which with articles partially manufactured are gaining on the imports of raw materials for British manufacture; that the home market is less and less commanded by home manufacturers; that payment for the still growing imports of foreign food more and more takes the form of dividends on foreign investments (if not even of the purchase-money of foreign stocks bought back by foreign investors), which gives no employment in this country or in the British Empire, but takes employment from this country and gives it to our rivals; while all the time British agriculture declines, and the agricultural population dwindles away.

These symptoms seem to Mr. Chamberlain to need attention. They seem to need attention even to the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Morley. Both these free-importing optimists admit that hostile tariffs are doing injury to the country and are much to be deplored. It is not easy to see on these gentlemen's showing how that should be; for the free traders' story has always been that the nation which taxes imports is merely penalising its own consumers and hampering its producers by raising the price of raw materials: both processes being to the advantage of the foreign exporter. How then can tariff-protected countries be injuring us? The Duke and Mr. Morley are in the unfortunate position of having to maintain that free imports have made the nation supremely prosperous, while the plain facts compel them to admit at the same time that foreign tariffs have done us much harm. It is an admission which squares neither with their own economic theory nor with their assertion of unparalleled British prosperity. Either way, however, the Duke says, the cure for taxed exports cannot be found in taxing imports: two blacks, we suppose he means, do not make a white. We have not got free trade, but we go as near to it as we can by freeing imports. He would rather have half the free-trade loaf than none. There lies the fallacy. Free imports are not merely a portion of a certain bulk homogeneous in constituency, called free trade; they are, instead, a constituent element of free trade, which by themselves without free exports are no nearer to free trade than if they were taxed. To regard free imports as half of free trade is to take hydrogen as half of water. You might as well tender to a thirsty man, where there was no water, so much hydrogen to inhale, saying he had better have half water than none. If the thirsty man took that advice, he would be worse off than if he had taken something else that had none of the elements of water. The protectionist nation, even though free trade be the best thing, may fare better than the country which lives on but one element in free trade.

The Duke has one other way out of the difficulty that foreign tariffs injure British trade. It is not, he says, what you send out, not exports, that matter, but what you get in. If you can get your tailor to send you the clothes, you need not mind about the payment: he will look after that. That would not generally be considered very sound advice, though it might appeal to a person at the end of his resources. But the Duke does not regard this country as at the end of its resources. Quite as dangerous too—the Duke is getting less safe in his ripening years—as the waiving of the question of payment for goods had and received is the disregard of the particular way in which payment will be made, assuming it will be made somehow. The inevitable outcome of the present commercial process in this country, even if we are not, and shall not need to be, consuming our capital, will be payment for imports by foreign investment and not by industrial—still less agricultural—products. We shall become literally, what in the mind of free importers we seem to be, a nation of consumers only. To put first the enjoyment of imports,

instead of the working to pay for them, is to preach a mere gospel of comfort, rather of sloth. The Duke would have us make this country a Castle of Indolence; when the enemy will soon know how to take it.

ETIQUETTE AND THE EAST.

THERE is a painful absence of good sense and good taste in the attitude many Englishmen are taking towards the dispute between Russia and Japan. If we were in the middle of an actual contest against Russia with Japan fighting with us as our ally, this absolute partisanship for Japan and fervour of hostility towards Russia would be natural. But before war is actually entered on, whether we are parties to the quarrel or merely onlookers, as at present in the case of Japan and Russia, there ought to be some endeavour to estimate fairly the real position of both antagonists. We do quite the opposite and make ourselves "whole-hoggers" for the side which happens to find favour with us for the moment; while for the other we construe everything to its prejudice, suspect all its motives, misconstrue all its actions, and have no terms sufficiently severe and insulting to express the scorn and contempt we imagine we feel for it. By a considerable part of the English press Russia is treated as the villain of the piece and Japan as the immaculate compound of martyr and hero. This alchemy of the popular imagination, which creates folk myths, seems strangely anachronistic in an age when we get in London news of what happened the day before in Tokio or Port Arthur. In spite of our better acquaintance with the political causes of international disputes, of the race questions, or the social and geographical conditions which affect their merits, we still throw the same unbalanced emotions into these disputes as we did in earlier times. Mr. Chamberlain in his Guildhall speech gave an instance of the unreasoning way in which we devise and confer disparaging epithets on the foreigners who happen to be displeasing to us when he remarked that the fine old term of abuse "the frog-eating Frenchman" seemed likely to be paralleled in future with "the horseflesh-eating German".

It is really time the press dropped what ought to be now an outworn convention, if it is to pose as the instructed guide and expert teacher of international politics to its readers. One hardly expects the mass of the people to take dispassionate views. They do not pretend, or if they do they are making a ridiculous claim, to be students of the merits of a dispute. It is enough for them to stand round in a ring, yahing at Russia and cheering the "brave little Japs", without troubling themselves with attempting to discriminate the rights of the two combatants. But educated opinion should insist that the newspapers of a country, through which other countries are informed as to national feeling, should cease to form part of such a ring.

We are urging "good form" in our attitude during international disputes; not that we should profess perfect impartiality and have no predilections. If we sympathise with Japan in the extraordinarily difficult and almost impossible position in which the inexorable march of events has placed the two claimants to incompatible dominion, we still hold that we should put ourselves in evidence, so far as we need to take part in the controversy, in the manner in which gentlemen are accustomed to express and bear themselves in controversies. They do not, when they adopt the view of one party to a quarrel, think it necessary to tender their support in the spirit of the cad who thinks he is bound to add to it all his vocabulary of hatred, contempt and insult to the other party. We need not, in short, be offensively personal. If we are, which is so often the case, and is so now in the matter of Russia and Japan, what justice is there in exploiting the feeling which is said to have been stirred up in Russia by English attacks, to stimulate further the anti-Russian feeling in England? There is no reason for our landing ourselves in such extremes.

If some of our newspapers which were furiously indignant at the calumnies of the foreign press on England during the war would only reflect, they would

see that they are acting in the case of Japan as the Continental nations did in the case of the Boers. If they raged then because foreigners sneered at us for attacking a small brave nation, is it not one of the reasons for the admiring support we are giving Japan against Russia? We taunt Russia as the Continent taunted us. Should this not show us that we also can talk sentimental false rubbish and cant with the chief exponents of it abroad? If we were serious students of international politics, we should put aside all this nonsense of "brave little Japs" as irrelevant. When we jeer at Russian unpreparedness, and dilate complacently, for the pleasure it gives us in disparaging Russia, on the first successes that may fall to Japan, we might remember that we had to suffer while the foreigners were "rubbing in" the earlier triumphs of the Boers and the siege of Ladysmith. We roused ourselves to meet the crisis; but do the critics of Russia suppose that Russia is less absorbed in her imperial career than England, and will submit more easily to forgo it because of defeats in preliminary struggles? It implies colossal conceit on our part, and a disposition by no means to be admired, that we can be proud of our own ultimate victories over the Boers, and yet attack Russia as a bully because circumstances lead her into inevitable conflict with a smaller Power. England has never acted on the maxim that small nations have the right not to be hit. A charge may plausibly be made that we have acted quite contrarily: our legitimate answer is that fate has brought about the collision and the weaker must go down. It would seem sensible and self-respecting to apply some of our excuses for ourselves to the position of Russia which is in many respects similar to our own.

The climax of absurdity is reached when we are bidden to admire Japan and hate Russia because the former represents and the latter opposes Anglo-Saxon ideals! Does that mean that governing through representative institutions is Anglo-Saxon? India and the Crown colonies occur to us as throwing some light on the absence of representative systems in the Tsar's dominions. Is free trade an Anglo-Saxon ideal? One great branch, the branch overbelauded by the furious anti-Russians, do not hold this ideal; and the branch known as the English show signs of ceasing to hanker after it too; and with this again the anti-Russian press is most pleased. From protectionists, as most of the anti-Russian press are, this charge against Russia of not being willing to give free trade in Manchuria is the most inconsistent. These newspapers object the more strongly to England's being shut out from Manchuria in proportion as they themselves would exclude other nations, if that region were being held by us as we are holding Egypt. It is good policy to object to Russia obtaining Manchuria, and on British grounds we are as opposed to it as the anti-Russians can be; but if Russia should obtain Manchuria where is the deplorable departure from Anglo-Saxon ideals because it would be protectionist? This is the most futile of arguments in the mouths of English protectionists. They themselves have not the Anglo-Saxon ideal if that means free trade. Their conclusions are agreeable to us, but their arguments are incongruous; and above all the tone of the attacks on Russia and of the encouragement given to Japan is so crude and amateurish that it is offensive even more from the intellectual than the moral point of view.

TROUBLES IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

NATIVE risings on a large scale come to all Powers intent upon building up an empire beyond the seas, and it is to be feared that Germany is confronted in South-West Africa with the heaviest task of the kind she has yet undertaken. The rising of the Hereros of Damaraland, following on the outbreak among the Bondelzwarts to the south, brings her face to face with the least pleasant phase of tropical or sub-tropical colonisation. Germany for twenty years has been in more or less active possession of the territory which for lack of a more convenient term is known as South-West Africa, and there, as in East Africa, Samoa and

the Cameroons she has had her difficulties with the natives. Two months ago an insurrection occurred among the Bondelzwarts, and the German Government must have known that in despatching practically the whole available force under Colonel Leutwein to restore order and avenge outrage they were leaving the sparsely settled districts in the neighbourhood of Windhoek, the capital of the colony, to the mercies of the Hereros. The Governor with his forces was some three weeks' hard marching to the south when the Hereros rose. They have attacked all outlying stations, and farmers and their families, who have not been murdered, have suffered the greatest hardships in reaching places comparatively secure. Windhoek itself is invested, and widely separated settlements not only cannot help each other but have a slender chance of helping themselves. Two thousand whites, dispersed among two hundred thousand natives, will find it hard indeed to hold on until succour comes. Germany is sending out in hot haste small contingents of marine volunteers, but they cannot arrive on the spot for some three weeks, and even when reinforced by the 1,500 or so men whom Colonel Leutwein has under him they will form a tiny force to deal with a rising that in the interval may have spread throughout the colony. As German South-West Africa is as big as the Fatherland itself the task of reducing the natives to submission will be heavy and anxious. The means taken to this end certainly seem wholly inadequate. The Hereros have, in their recent raids, secured a supply of rifles and ammunition, and they will no doubt follow the guerilla tactics adopted against Colonel Leutwein by the Bondelzwarts. The gravity of the position is further shown by the report that the natives of South-West Africa who have been at work in the Johannesburg mines are returning home in great numbers in order to take part in the struggle.

There is nothing to show to what the rising is due. Whether German officials have still to learn the business of controlling native populations, whether the outbreak is due to real or fancied wrongs, can for the present only be told by those whose assurance is proportioned to their ignorance. Count von Bülow himself is in the dark. There are some who believe that the German as a ruler of native races is an intolerable martinet. To them the reply must be that the natives of South-West Africa have taken an unconscionably long time in making a discovery so closely affecting their personal comfort and welfare. Some colour however is imparted to this view by the statement of one German paper that the whole difficulty is the outcome of Great Britain's peculiar attitude towards the natives during and since the Transvaal war. The suggestion that Great Britain by sparing the rod spoils the native opens up the very wide question of the treatment of native races by the white governor. According to Count von Bülow, the Hereros as a race have always been impatient of orderly government and have never appreciated at its worth the clemency of German rule. If that is so, how is it that a Governor and officials, who must have been alive to the fact, virtually deprived settlers in the Hereros country of such protection as the slender force maintained in the colony ensured, whilst the Imperial Government took no steps to dispatch reinforcements until the disaster, which should on Count von Bülow's own showing have been anticipated, had become a reality?

If Germany after an experience extending over nearly a quarter of a century, has not learned that humanity with strength is the truest economy in colonisation she does not stand alone. The Americans in the Philippines, the Belgians on the Congo, the Russians in Manchuria, have been guilty of atrocities whose very ruthlessness has rendered future revolts very unlikely. Germany governs with the mailed fist, and so long as things go reasonably well, no querulous complaints are heard from the Imperial Government which bears the costly burden of the German colonial system. Risings of the native races in the British Empire have been comparatively rare, and our "little wars" have generally been with native States on the confines of British possessions anxious to resist British expansion by killing off the pioneers.

The Indian Mutiny and the Maori wars were attempts of an exceptional character to cast off British authority. In Malaysia, in Nigeria, in South and Central Africa it may almost be said that where British authority has been accepted as German authority has been in South-West Africa, our treatment of the aborigines has resulted in peace and the general improvement of the natives' lot. Where the native race tends to disappear, as in New Zealand, the disappearance is as much due to the pax Britannica as in other cases, in India and Africa, the increase in the native population is to be traced to the same cause. Centuries of experience, much of it of the bitterest, have taught the Briton of the better class sent out to govern a native race that there is a happy mean to be adopted. He may be stern but from the native point of view, which is the view that must count in such matters, he is not unkindly. Men like a Rajah Brooke or Sir Godfrey Lagden are pattern governors of native races, and England has been fortunate in the number of such men at her disposal.

THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

THE current economic discussion has the great merit of having brought into prominence a number of other social and political questions. Whether we are physically degenerating as a people and if so what are the reasons for it, and what if any are the remedies, are problems that have naturally arisen from the consideration of the state of industries and how our people are employed in towns or in the country. Before there had been any proposal to alter our free-trade policy an economist like Mr. J. A. Hobson could speak of it as the cause of our taking population from broad sunshiny space and fresh air. It is quite clear therefore that the most convinced supporter of free trade as the cause of our industrial prosperity in the past, or as the best means of maintaining it, must consider how far it has been a force working certain physical mischief through its effect on agriculture and country life. We may suppose that hardly anybody would dispute that whatever tends to increase the life of towns, the massing of people into restricted spaces shut out from pure light and air, must have a very definite result on the physical standard of workmen's families. Modern machinery when it ousted hand-work gave a more serious impulse to a process which had always been looked on with suspicion by all peoples; and free trade in England, whose purpose was to push manufactures, carried it on with unnatural rapidity. When a nation is multiplying its industries it is encouraging a rapid growth of population: and there was never a manufacturing town growing rapidly that did not house its people in execrable fashion. Then since industry has never been organised and a balance kept between supply and demand, we get periods of commercial crises and non-employment when these masses are put on short commons and the ordinary unhealthy conditions are made worse than ever. Changes in fashion are constantly throwing workmen out of employment; improvements in machinery are acting always to the same effect. With such rapid changes, so different from the steady conditions under the agricultural and hand-labour régime, there are many causes at work which make the supposition very reasonable that much physical degradation is likely to go on amongst the working population.

There was never of course a golden age when poor people were at as good a standard as our modern notions would approve. It is extremely difficult to make comparisons between the past standard of physique and the present: but on the whole it is reasonable to say that in proportion to population modern life is at a disadvantage over life in older communities. If we recognise this fact we shall not dwell too much on what is also a fact, that amongst the more fortunate classes, and especially the women, there was never a time when the physical standard was so high as it is at present; Roman and Greek athletics notwithstanding. The solution of the problem is to level up the working population of our modern towns and of the country as far as possible to that of our more pro-

sperous and educated classes. Low though the physical standard is amongst all classes of workpeople except those whose work is in the open air, it would have been infinitely more degraded if it had not been for legislative interposition—in Factory Acts and Mining Acts and Public Health Acts and in Acts which have prohibited children from too early labour. There is still an infinite field for the same method: and it is by the State acting as the organ of scientific knowledge and of a higher educated public opinion that further checks can be placed to physical degeneration. The more it lags behind the more will the forces in this direction get the upper hand.

But it is quite evident that we have reached a sort of impasse here. We do not know how to deal with what is the most serious of all causes of degeneracy. What is to be done to prevent the breeding of a superabundant population by the physically unfit? The first step must be a more educated opinion amongst the classes concerned. All classes taking them at large are profoundly ignorant of physiology and of everything that relates to man's constitution as a physical being. Scientific conceptions have little influence, generally speaking, amongst any of our classes; and amongst the lowest they have none. Not until we have introduced the notion of responsibility for production as well as for maintenance of children can the influence of the State be brought to bear on this the most important of all our social difficulties. So that what we want is first of all the dissipation of popular ignorance on all the aspects of man's nature: and then the application of these ideas in legislation. We shall have to interfere with "liberty" much more than we have done hitherto, yet similarly in directions that we are as yet afraid to try. Let the educated classes arrive at positive conclusions, then legislation will have its part to play as an educative and restraining force on classes who at present have no guidance.

Closely connected with this is the question of feeding. Men and women are so generally ignorant of foods for themselves that we need not wonder to hear such deplorable accounts of infant feeding as some of the ladies have given who have contributed to the discussion that has lately been going on in the papers. We have restricted women's labour in some occupations but on the whole it has vastly increased: and while they have been learning new trades they have become largely ignorant of their business as mothers. Both the production of children and their nutrition, which are at the foundation of physical soundness, are closely connected with this question of women's employment. A step has been taken in prohibiting mothers from returning to factory work until a certain period after childbirth. But the whole matter is of such magnitude that no sensible person would dare to forecast how far it may be necessary to interfere further by legislation. One thing is clear that if the State is to have power to act as a check on our tendencies to degeneration, there must first be a thorough physical education given to boys and girls. They must not only be trained in athletics as is proposed, but they must be trained to think physiologically on all that concerns them. In one knows not how many generations there may then have been laid the foundation of a public opinion which will not hesitate to put its principles into practice.

Another matter though not so difficult is difficult enough. Machinery is responsible amongst other things for the fact that our bread is so fine and white that it is deprived of most of its nutritious properties. The taste for fancy bread amongst the poor has arisen because when they were poorer the coarser forms meant for them a sort of distinction from the higher classes; and it is now a mark of false pride to affect them. It is much the same with such foods as oatmeal. Would it be possible directly to prevent the milling of flour which is deprived of its quality of food? Perhaps not; but education again and the example of the higher classes would do something to make people more rational in their feeding. There are various official and private reports founded on examination of the youths of England and Scotland which show that, as a medical

experimenter says, the people of these countries are losing the practice of using bone-making foods. Rickets, bad teeth, soft bones are the result and the defects become constitutional and are transmitted. Much bad feeding is due to the fact that home cooking is becoming a dying or is a dead industry; partly owing to the deficiency of proper accommodation in houses of the poorer classes; partly because so many women are the wage-earners and not the stewards of the family income. In all kinds of food preparations there is adulteration; and chemicals are used whose effects are often suspicious though not easily traceable. The use of salicylic acid may be mentioned; and a commission has already reported that its use should be forbidden by law. Perhaps more serious even than the large proportion of innutritious food eaten is the immense quantity of positively deleterious liquors people drink. Excessive tea drinking rather belongs to the food aspect of diet, and a return to common sense is the only hope for a reform under this head. But the question of the impurity of alcoholic liquors may perhaps be more directly dealt with by legislation; and there hardly seems anything more important in relation to the deterioration of the national physique. The greater part for instance of the enormous quantity of whisky drunk is made by patent processes of extracting spirit from almost every imaginable vegetable product but malt; and even the better sorts are blends of a small proportion of malt whisky with larger quantities of stuff in which our law takes no more interest than to see that it is strong enough; its poisonous qualities it leaves for discussion between the seller and the buyer. By stating some of the features of our modern ways of living we see how very probable it is that we are entrapped in a complicated plexus of causes which make for physical deterioration. They need counteracting by scientific knowledge, and the diffusion of this knowledge by teaching directed specially to the improvement of physical conditions. The State alone, duly instructed and supported by enlightened opinion, can act over the whole field; and it will have to do as it has already done in some directions, and refuse to purely economic considerations, or the claims of individualism and pretended liberty, the right of vetoing measures necessary for guarding national sanity of body and mind.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: FELSTED SCHOOL.

FOUNDED 1564. HEADMASTER, REV. H. A. DALTON :
APPOINTED 1890.

THE good man struggling with adversity has always been a spectacle to excite interest, and Felsted gives one somewhat the impression that a struggle of that kind has been, is in fact going on, but a brave struggle withal, of which the ultimate issue should be in no sort of doubt.

Like Highgate, Felsted owes its birth to the law: Richard Lord Riche, the founder, was Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations under Henry VIII. and ultimately Lord High Chancellor of England under Elizabeth. Out of the proceeds of professional earnings he managed both to build himself a fine mansion, Lee Priory, which, situate two miles from the school, still exists a fine example of Tudor architecture; and also the school. The founder is himself buried in Felsted parish church. In 1564 the Chancellor founded his institution which as at Dulwich and elsewhere consisted of two branches, for old and young respectively. There was an almshouse for six old persons and a school for the young: both parts of the original foundation still survive though now housed in newer quarters. For 300 years the work of the school was carried on in an interesting old building, beneath which is the gateway of the churchyard, and here was educated Isaac Barrow, and here Oliver Cromwell sent his four sons. Intended for the sons of the better Essex families, boarders were from the earliest times received and found a home in buildings, the site of which is now occupied by the old school-house. The present school-house was built in 1866.

Felsted early became the leading Essex school, but it has experienced diversities of fortune, since the days of Isaac Barrow and Oliver Cromwell: in 1852 the school was reconstituted and it is now administered under a scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners framed in 1876. There are at present a strong body of Governors, partly elected partly co-opted, including names so well known in Essex as those of Lord Warwick and Lord Rayleigh. Essex boys have still a prior right of admission but no other special privileges; and the school now relies for support not only on Essex but on all parts of England. Essex however is still largely represented in the school: and possibly Essex does not afford the amount of raw material of the best class for schoolmasters that it once did: the number of fine old sixteenth and seventeenth century houses in the county close to London now deserted or fallen on evil days is pathetic. And there have been other difficulties: tithe is no longer what it was, and on tithe the endowments of Felsted largely depend.

But with gallantry and determination the Headmaster has set himself to face all difficulties and to secure for Felsted a legitimate and established place among the public schools of the second rank. The fees are not high: £80 covers everything, of which £50 goes for boarding expenses; most of the boys leaving the school go into commercial or professional life: of 40 leaving this year 9 pass to the Universities, which, it appears, is rather a larger percentage than usual. The numbers vary from 200 to 250 and have suffered some slight diminution of late, due probably to temporary causes. The buildings, considering the size of the school, are good: a fine block of buildings running along the north side of the school cricket-ground comprises the headmaster's house and the school house. The school house includes something more than its name would suggest, namely a big school room, a library, a drawing school and class rooms, besides the dormitories and house rooms of the boys. The school house holds about 170 boys who thus live under one roof and take their meals together in the common dining-hall. But a smaller unit for social purposes is advisable: consequently the whole 170 are redivided into four "houses" each under its own housemaster: each "house" has its own dormitories though all are under the school house roof. Something of the same kind exists at Haileybury where the dormitory constitutes the social house link. At Felsted in addition to the separate dormitories there are also separate house rooms, a senior room and a junior room for each "house": these house rooms are never used for teaching purposes now, but only for life out of school. Only prefects have studies, and life out of school is therefore lived by every boy for the greater part of his school life very much "in common": as already noticed, something very analogous exists at both Charterhouse and Winchester and this system of close daily contact should certainly produce a type instinct with good humour and very free from angles.

In addition to the school house there is a commodious block of new class rooms recently completed at a cost of £3,500 and designed by Sir Arthur Bloomfield: they are well proportioned and handsomely fitted with oak, and are a great improvement on some of the older rooms in the school house, which before the new class rooms were built had to be used for both teaching purposes and also for house rooms. It is intended to prolong the buildings of which the new rooms form the first instalment to the south, and to erect a new big school room which is much needed; also to connect the latter with the class rooms already completed by a passage. The class rooms are almost paid for, thanks largely to the generosity of old Felstedians and others who have the interests of the school much at heart. The energetic head is now setting about collecting the additional £5,000 required to complete the whole block. As to other buildings the school can show a separate boarding house erected in 1900. Like the school house this house, known as Mr. Elwyn's, boasts many modern conveniences, especially electric light and a photographic dark room, which is modernity indeed. The fees in this separate boarding house, like the out-houses at Marlborough, are somewhat higher than

under the ordinary conditions, about £88 instead of £80 in all. There is also a junior house where boys can enter at the age of nine and there remain till they pass across into the larger school at thirteen. There are also other buildings, a beautiful little chapel, laboratories, five courts, a laundry and last but not least an excellent swimming bath, heated in winter by the engine that drives the dynamos for lighting the school, and used liberally all the year round.

The curriculum is framed for the sons of professional men and others of moderate income, whose sons will have to make their own way in the world; the division into classical and modern runs right down the senior school, and in the higher forms on both sides specialisation is allowed for any careers boys may have in view. Though his is not a rich school, Mr. Dalton's aim is to supply every advantage given by any other school. And the preparation for all the various modern avenues by which boys enter life who do not go to the Universities seems to be successful: the army and navy classes though small have done well, as has the preparation of boys for history scholarships at the Universities. Boys intending to be doctors who have passed the London matriculation, or other preliminary examination accepted by the medical authorities, are encouraged to remain on at school and study there for the preliminary scientific or first professional examination. Similar sound provision is made for boys entering the architects' or the legal professions. Of new departures the school can chronicle success in the adoption of the newer oral method of teaching modern languages, and also in the establishment of an engineering department: good workshops the school has long possessed, but a regular engineering department with proper plant, long an ambition of the headmaster's, has recently become a fact, and promises to do well.

All these various signs of educational activity suggest the note characteristic of Felsted to which we have already referred: without great wealth and in face of difficulties Felsted is responding with spirit to the increased modern demands. In every branch of intellectual preparations either for commerce, the services, the professions or the universities, and in all branches of social school life and well-being, athletics, gymnasium, swimming bath, fire brigade, cadet corps, the headmaster's aim to give as good facilities as can be provided elsewhere goes far towards realisation. We notice that in public-spirited fashion the headmaster has put his experience at the disposal of the Essex County Education Committee: we wish the county authorities could see their way to dive deep into the county funds to help an educational institution which the county should be proud to support.

THE OLD SEA DOGS.

THE spell in the story of the sea, from the national or patriotic point of view, hardly begins for English people before the days when Sebastian Cabot, of the mystery and company of Merchant Adventurers, planned nobly and Willoughby set sail. No doubt most men who reached beyond the Little Arthur's stage at lessons remember, or have forgot, that there were sea worthies in England long before the time of the Cabots—merchants, adventurers, fighters. The opening volume of the new and fine edition of Hakluyt* which has lately been published, recalls, for instance, the voyages and strange adventures of William De Rubruquis and John De Carpini, and Edward's famous charter to foreign merchants—which as a fact is not in the least famous now—and much beside. But who could whip up any enthusiasm over De Rubruquis and the graceless Latin of the chronicler? It is very doubtful if Kingsley or Froude could have made these very dry bones to live: it is undoubted that they would have been the last to try. It is only a little better when we go further back. Alfred faring out to sea with his ship host to meet and over-

come the Northmen is more inspiring. During the same reign are Ochter's voyage of discovery beyond the North Cape itself—where the summer tripper now goes to see the midnight sun—and Wolstan's navigation of the Sound of Denmark and account of Eastland, where the rich men drink mare's milk and the slaves mead; and these are at least as entertaining though not quite so full of the man-baboon and sea-snake and mermaid kind of myth as some of the accounts of fifteenth or sixteenth century voyages, say that absurd and very dull book of travels and voyages put together by the Drake family, a copy of which we have drawn from a cupboard to look through, but hastily put back. No: Rubruquis and Ochter even may be left to Florence of Worcester and the like: there is not a thrill in them for us to-day. It is not because they belong to such a far-away period in English history that they are uninspiring; for there is very much that belongs to this same time, and later to the early Norman, which is fit to touch any imagination save the wholly uninformed. Who could read the tale of Winchester and roam the White Horse Hills, and not be drawn to the Alfredian legend: or feel the beauty of Canterton, its glen and the woods about in their winter blue, and not be moved by the legend of the Red King's last hunt? Here, however, there is the genius of the place to help us. We have a noble setting for the story. The sea traditions of the time are too slight and fragmentary to take hold of us.

In later times, only the hard reader or close student can plod gladly through the sea story of England in all that relates to the doings of Dutch knights and Hanse Merchants, King's Charters, and the Duke of Muscovy's genealogy. But Cabot is more a name to conjure with, and when Hakluyt brings us to him, that is Cabot the younger, we feel at once the fascination of the thing. Cabot practically appeals to us as the first great organiser of English adventure in the high seas, and Hugh Willoughby as the first great adventurer. Willoughby's claim as such has been much overlooked for centuries perhaps. One of a line of most daring men of action on land or sea, Willoughby was a generation too early to play a part in the great game of the Drakes and Grenvilles, the sea-dogs of the near future. Cabot knew the mettle of his man when he chose Willoughby to find some North-east passage to Cathay through the untracked seas beyond the North Cape and past the still half-fabulous lands in one of which Ochter of Alfred's day dwelt. Not that the Willoughbys were particularly expert as seamen; rather because they stuck at nothing for fear of mere limb or life. One Willoughby, Peregrine, was for settling forthwith an affair of honour, though at the time he could use neither arm nor leg: he proposed to fight with a portion of his rapier held between his teeth. Another, in earlier times, was named egregious, for his qualities in war. No doubt he and Peregrine and perhaps Hugh would be called cranks to-day; their sanity would be questioned. Indeed the degradation of egregious, once a term of high honour, seems to tell its own tale in this respect. The egregious man was a hero at the time the word came into the language. To-day to call a man egregious is worse than to call him a bore—"an egregious person" is the last word in the way of offence. Sir Hugh Willoughby, then, so far as is known, was by no means a seaman of great experience. But the passion for discovery, for rivalling the sea-borne commerce of Spain and Portugal, had seized on Englishmen: there was no time to breed sea-leaders: they must be formed out of what material was at hand. So the money was raised by the Merchant Adventurers, the three ships were fitted out, and Willoughby made admiral of the fleet of three; his own "Bona Esperanza" being of not less than 120 tons! No north-east road to Cathay was found then or afterwards by English sea worthy, but in part this expedition, sent off with enthusiasm by many people, citizens, officials and merchants, was really successful. Some of the men, with Richard Chancellor, the second in command, at their head did struggle through Arctic difficulties and discover Russia for English merchants. Willoughby with the whole of the crews of the other two ships were caught in the snows of the North. Aid came to them at last, but the rescuers found only the bones of Willoughby and his brave men,

* "The Principal Navigations Voyages Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation." By Richard Hakluyt. Vols. I. and II. Glasgow: MacLehose. 1903. 12s. net.

together with a kind of pitiful log or note which ends with a short account of an unsuccessful search party : after this there was clearly nothing further of interest to do or to chronicle, so they settled down to death.

οἴχεται. ἐν βορείῳ νηφρίσσει ὅστις κείται ἀκταῖς.

Sir Hugh Willoughby is far and away the most fascinating figure in the opening volume of Hakluyt. His own log may be flat, indeed it is very flat, but this sort of man in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was rarely strong on the word side : there is a portrait of him at Wollaton, admirably reproduced by photogravure process in the second volume of this new edition of Hakluyt, which is far more picturesque. For the rest, the gaps in the story must be filled in, and will be, by the imagination. Perhaps the story is the better for the gaps. When the adventurers were prolix, one half wishes they had not started or had turned back : Richard Chancellor was no doubt the good man that one of the Sydneys declared him to be, but somehow his account of the "mighty Emperor of Russia, and Duke of Muscovia, and of the dominions orders and commodities thereunto belonging" palls slightly on one, after Willoughby has ended. Master Anthony Jenkinson, who made several voyages to the same parts, from the City of London, has also, it must be admitted, quite enough to say of his successful expeditions. The fact is that our appetites to-day for descriptions of the lands reached is soon satisfied. It is the getting there that interests us ; the hungry spirit of adventure ; so often the dare-devil of it.

After the Cabots, and Willoughby's voyage, there was a lull in sea adventure in which the Russia Company had led the way with such splendid spirit. Edward VI. died in the year in which Willoughby sailed, and though the merchants were not idle in the work of opening up North-Eastern Europe for English trade, the next few years were not favourable to great enterprise. But the lull lasted a very little while. When Elizabeth began to reign everything went to feed the flame which Cabot and the Adventurers whom he governed had lit. Politics, religion, commerce each brought fresh fuel, and there arose of a sudden a race of corsairs with the high courage of the Willoughbys, and besides a hard-headed, practical way of looking at adventure and its uses and carrying it through. Such an amazing union of Trade and Faith and Romance never was seen in England before or since—yes, Faith must be included. Did not Hawkins in the midst of his slave traffic on a storm arising declare with fervour that the Almighty would not suffer his elect to perish? And even his enemies have not questioned the piety of Drake. Hawkins, the 'Achines of English people till quite modern days and, delightful to say, of Philip of Spain, and Drake, and Grenville—who perhaps has been praised a little too high—are the chief names that have come down to us, but every port had its sea dogs ; and if we enter into the spirit of empire we simply must love their deeds and daring. Historians, with one or two exceptions, have never entered into the spirit of the thing. The careful punctilious statesmanship of their own day, too, looked at them askance ; and turned away from their bullion and silver bars ; and to this day there are sticklers who talk of Drake's wicked piracy, and who would arraign Hawkins—without whose foresight in the dockyards the Armada might not have ended as it did—as though he had lived and traded after the days of Clarkson and Wilberforce.

Fortunately for English Empire Elizabeth was not in the least punctilious, and privateering at a time of nominal peace but real war appealed to her imagination—and her pocket. She rejoiced in Hawkins, so that in the end as we know he was set to prepare her ships against the sailing of Medina Sidonia's great galleons. She even dabbled financially in Drake's ventures, and took his presents as did the astute Lord Chancellor of the day—and there was not a serious thought in her mind of calling him to account over the Doughty affair. We never could see that there was much in this affair to make a case against Drake, bearing in mind the way sea captains ruled then and that a single act of

mutiny unpunished might easily ruin an expedition of world import and lead to the torture and death of a whole crew. By some chance the affair of Doughty made a noise in the world quite out of proportion to its size : that is to say the question of the justice or the injustice of the business did : certain of the facts in connexion with it are so strange and picturesque that they do not deserve to be forgotten : they are like some phantom ship story. After Doughty, who had deserted in his sloop, had been pursued and captured, the fleet sailed on to Port S. Julian, where, after a most extraordinary scene of reconciliation and spiritual comfort, the deserter was to be executed ; Drake himself acting as executioner—like Cromwell in the case of the mutinous sergeant or Hodson with the Delhi princes. As the ships arrived at the place of doom, the eyes of the sailors, of the executioner, perhaps of the culprit, met a sight, which, had it been prepared as appropriate for the occasion, would have been a stroke of genius. At this deserted spot there hung a skeleton whose bones half a century before had belonged to a sailor in Magellan's crew, who had mutinied and paid the common smart.

Ἑλληνες αἰὲ παῖδες.

WE seek no more a daily prize,
Nor triumph in our dreams,
So changed the lustre of the skies,
So faint and few the gleams.
Yet comes anew, when others play,
That unforgotten thrill,
And are we dull and old to-day,
Or only children still?

We loved the battle once, but now
We are not overbold,
There's wisdom on the weary brow,
And in our hearts the cold.
Yet in the light of eager eyes
We lose the wintry chill,
And then we are not overwise
But simple children still.

The visions of our glorious youth
Have faded long ago :
We hope no more to find the truth,
And should we care to know ?
Not ours to scale the viewless height,
But there's a purple hill,
And still we gladden at the sight
And climb as children still.

How much of all the good we planned
Is perfect or begun ?
Who watched the lifting of God's hand,
And waits for His "well done" ?
But when the children whom we love
The good we missed fulfil,
Thank God our hearts prevail to prove
The hearts of children still.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

"JOSEPH ENTANGLED."

OTHER of Mr. Jones' comedies have been more perfect in form, I think; but none has been more amusing, more alive. In the art of writing realistic comedy of manners, he is far pre-eminent over our other playwrights. Not one of them can match him in that lightness of solidity which is the essential of the art. Not one of them can so quicken and vitalise a story. Vitality—that is Mr. Jones' chief point of excellence. Up goes the curtain, and with it our spirits, for not a moment is lost: we are already in the thick of the interest. Mr. Jones never makes us conscious of his technique, and for that reason his technique is better than Mr. Pinero's. To Mr. Pinero technique seems almost to be an end in itself. He lingers proudly over its perfection. We, too, become absorbed in it. How ingeniously this or that point is prepared, how ingeniously that or this difficulty smoothed over, in how exact co-operation all the wheels go round! You know those faceless clocks that were popular in early Victorian days. Mr. Pinero's plays are rather like them. After all, the best reason for a clock is not that it should fascinate us by its labyrinth of wheels and screws and what not, but that it should tell us the time—the right time, never mind how. We get the right time from Mr. Jones—the right time, I mean, for the stage, where speed is so essential. Mr. Pinero always "loses" a little. He gives us more the sense of art than of life. Another advantage that Mr. Jones has over his rival is in the manner of his dialogue. His characters really talk. They do not merely repeat rigmaroles that would look ugly enough in print and that destroy in an ugly manner all verisimilitude in a realistic play. In Mr. Jones' dialogue there is never a line that has not the true oral ring. To sound that note consistently should be the aim of every realistic playwright. Mr. Jones succeeds in doing it, and his plays have, therefore, a very real literary quality. They are not literary in that finest sense which I was explaining the other day. Mr. Jones does not perform that hard but possible trick of making his characters talk charmingly despite the brevity and brokenness of their speech. Of living playwrights Mrs. Craigie alone possesses that inestimable secret. But Mr. Jones' characters do express themselves in a live and natural way. And that is, far and away, the most important point in the "style" of playwriting.

In "Joseph Entangled" Mr. Jones adheres to his usual milieu—the milieu of the aristocracy. And I am quite ready to admit for the free play of purely comedic emotion this is the best, the rightest milieu. Where the standard of sexual morality is less strict, and the passion of love is more diffused and, accordingly, less intense, there, surely, is the happiest hunting-ground for the writer of comedies, so long as drama continues to confine itself to affairs of the heart. Comedy has nothing to do with matters of life and death; and rightly, therefore, the middle class is shunned by it. Not only in milieu, but also in theme, "Joseph Entangled" resembles that which is from a strictly technical standpoint the most perfect of Mr. Jones' plays, "The Liars". The greater part of it is spent in the frantic efforts of certain ladies and gentlemen to explain away certain compromising circumstances. Only, here the situation is intrinsically funnier than it was in the previous play. The heroine of "The Liars" was telling lies, which nobody believed. The heroine of "Joseph Entangled" is telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, which everybody believes to be a lie, and which even to herself sounds exactly like a lie—and not a clever lie, at that. The thing comes about in a complicated way; but there is nothing forced or unlikely in the imbroglio. Lady Verona Mayne hurries up to London, one evening in August, to dissuade a younger sister from eloping. She has been staying with her people, in Oxford. Her husband is away in Scotland. Their house is occupied only by a butler and a housekeeper. The butler has gone out. The housekeeper sees her mistress to bed, and herself goes to bed. The butler comes home. Standing at the open window in his shirt-sleeves (one of the play's charms for us is in its grateful illusion of summer), he is hailed by someone from the street.

This is Sir Joseph Lacy, an old friend of the Maynes. He is passing through London; but, having lost his luggage, cannot very well go to an hotel. The butler, who was at one time in the Lacy household, naturally assents to his suggestion that Mr. Mayne would be delighted to let him have a bed for the night. Next morning, Sir Joseph and Lady Verona meet at breakfast, each amazed at sight of the other. Sir Joseph was in love with Lady Verona, and she with him, before her marriage. She, whenever she wishes to make her husband angry, has the habit of implying that the old sentiment survives in her. In Sir Joseph it actually does survive, more or less—less than more, for he is specifically a Lothario. Across the breakfast-table he makes love to Lady Verona in a light and tentative fashion; but he is not encouraged. As she says, the thing to be considered is how to hush up the contretemps. Neither of them must say anything about it; the butler and the housekeeper shall be bound over to silence, and—but the simple plan is frustrated by the entry of two friends, who have come to see Mr. Mayne about some matter of business, thinking that he would already have arrived from Scotland. The ensuing scene is delightful—the embarrassment of the friends, who, quite incredulous, protest that "nothing in the world could be more natural" than the situation as explained with such anxious minuteness by Sir Joseph and by Lady Verona. They agree, however, that perhaps it would be better to say nothing to Mr. Mayne. A few weeks pass by. The story leaks inevitably out, and is heard by Mr. Mayne. He is desperately anxious to believe that there is nothing in it; but he is not a man to be trifled with. His friends gather round him, trying to soothe him; but his cross-examinations of them, and of his butler, and of his housekeeper, gradually drive him to the determination that he must and will have a divorce. Sir Joseph and Lady Verona both asseverate their innocence: but what they say is, of course, "not evidence". The infuriated husband dashes out of the room, on the way to his solicitor's. The end of the play is approaching. How on earth is the comedic ending to be compassed? There is apparently but one possible way. Will Lady Verona's sister consent to reveal her own escapade? Re-enter Mr. Mayne, quite calm, but rather ashamed. He had stopped and listened outside the door. The conversation between his wife and his friend has made it clear that there had been no harm. He apologises profusely to all concerned. This seems to me a very ingenious and a very right ending. Ingenious, because it is so completely a surprise. Right, because it is so completely natural. Some of the critics have been solemnly wondering that so original a playwright as Mr. Jones should stoop to the old stage-trick of "overhearing". No objection could be more muddle-headed. By no means, at this time of day, let us have a peripety caused by the casual overhearing of something in the nick of time. But, in this case, the overhearing is a deliberate action, and a perfectly natural action. Desperately anxious to get at a truth which could not be got at in conversation, but which might be got at through a keyhole, Mr. Mayne would have been a fool indeed if he had not tried that obvious keyhole.

From the purely technical point of view, it would be well if Mr. Mayne had been (generally speaking) more of a fool than Mr. Jones made him, or more of a brute. As he stands, he is a very decent type of man, whom we all like and respect; and thus the prolonged baffling that he suffers comes very near to evoking a sense of tragedy. We feel for him, in his jealous frenzy, as for a sort of Othello. Nor is he the only figure to queer the comedic pitch. Sir Joseph, whom during the first act we supposed to be wholly Lotharioesque, turns out to have cherished through the years a very real passion for Lady Verona. He really does want to marry her, and is very much disappointed by the abandonment of the divorce. He confesses himself "hard hit", and departs, jarred by the many mutual congratulations of the rest. For comedic rightness, he should have heaved a sigh of relief. The inconsistency in his character mars also the consistency of the character of the play. Lady Verona is drawn quite perfectly—a thoroughly consistent

and thoroughly comedic person. And there is a round dozen of subordinate characters, not less delightful on a small scale. One of Mr. Jones' strongest points is in his power to distinguish brightly and sharply any number of characters, however little they may have to say or do.

I have not space, this week, for "The Duke of Killcrankie" at the Criterion, and "The Question" at the Court. The latter play is preceded by "The Gipsy", a congestion of sentimental melodrama which typifies the kind of thing that in England is thought worthy to "raise the curtain". It is somewhat redeemed by one of the performers—Miss Ethel Van Praagh, who, as the stage-gipsy, infuses a real, unstaged power of imagination and pathos. I wonder how soon the right principle for a short play will be mastered by our playwrights. The right principle for a short story has for many years been no secret. Why are these things from France filtered so much slower for us through drama than through literature?

MAX BEERBOHM.

OUR DAVY.

WHEN the old woman was told that her son had been made prisoner at Culloden, and was being marched southward one of a train of captives fettered two and two, "The Lord help" quoth she "the man that's chained to our Davy". In these milder times men seldom attain by misdeed or misfortune to the bad eminence of the chain-gang. Nevertheless we can truly sympathise with that unhappy Caledonian, for ninety-nine out of a hundred of us are by chains of blood or business, of love or lucre, perhaps by chains, strongest of all, of habit and indolence chained to Davy. Davy is practically inevitable: multiform, omnipresent. That which should alleviate our galling sense of thralldom only aggravates our misery—the knowledge that Davy is at least as good a man as ourselves. Sometimes Davy is "a very superior man, a much better fellow than Angus McClan" to whom he is chained. Perhaps the original Culloden Davy was as amiable a man as walked in that melancholy procession. That he was "gey ill to live with" we gather from his mother's utterance. Other mothers have said the same of other sons. The mother is the first to be chained to her Davy, and when we remember our infant tantrums and adolescent ingratitude we cease to wonder that she pities others for that which she so cheerfully bore herself.

No. Davy, always a bore, is often benevolent. Very generally we should be worse off without him. We grumble at his presence, but perhaps we should go aground in his absence. He is the old servant ruling with iron rod, our execrated tyrant absolutely trusty. Or the old friend whose precious balms break our head, but whose warm heart we know. Or the old doctor whom we love for himself, who has but one fault: he cannot answer all the curious conundrums we ask. *Davus est non (Edipus)*. But till he or we die we are chained to Davy.

Forty years ago, at a certain private school, the master announced that a deaf and dumb "new fellow" would arrive next day, and inquired who could best play chess and talk on his fingers that to him might be assigned the task of rendering first aid, so to speak, to the newcomer. A boy, moved as he then thought by benevolence, as he now knows by vanity, volunteered, and found himself chained to our Davy. And a very good fellow Davy was, much better than the self-righteous imp who took charge of him, and whom the chain deservedly galled. The chain seems light enough now—after forty years. Only to play chess on rainy half-holidays instead of constructing catapults, too soon to be confiscated, or reading the thrice-read novels in the school library: only to walk arm-in-arm up and down that Brighton front, which Richard Jefferies admired, with Davy instead of another. The imp could wear it as a watch-chain now; whether because his waistcoat is bigger, or because heavier chains have bound him, matters not. It weighed heavy then.

In misanthropical moments we have thought that Davy might be escaped by living in a lighthouse. We have pictured the keeper as the chatelain of an impregnable fort, alone in his glory; his only duty to polish up the burners of the big front lamp, his delights reading, observation of sea-beasts and fishing. We thought of him as being, like his abode, totus teres atque rotundus, self-contained, unshackled to Davy. But cooler reflection brings doubt. Is the keeper ever alone in his tower? Is there not always at least one other with him? And how if that other were Davy? Even were he alone, we are sure that Davy would put off from the mainland at stated intervals, to bring him fresh cabbages and "Lloyd's Weekly". Again, we have dreamt of Rogers' cot beside a hill. But we fear that Davy would turn pilgrim on purpose to lift our latch and share our meal. Could we make him "a welcome guest"? More awful still—how if the russet gown and apron blue proved to contain our Davy instead of Lucy? Such things have been. Tied to a feminine Davy by a matrimonial chain we are indeed miserrimi.

Selfishness is so common, altruism so rare, that most of us utterly forget that, *ex proposito*, Davy is chained to us: and which of us shall say that his lot is not harder than our own? Are we such good company to ourselves in hours of solitude that we need consider Davy's life as all beer and skittles? Few put it so baldly. We say "What on earth Davy will keep on coming here for I cannot understand. He must see how he bores me". Must he? Quite possibly he only sees how you bore him. Why then does he come? Because he is chained. Chained are we all and chained shall we remain till the coming of the Coquecigrues.

Which things being so, might not we and Davy "tak' a thought an' men"? There is the chain, invisible perhaps, unbreakable certainly. Regard for our own comfort, to urge no higher motive, ought to impel us to join arms and divide the weight instead of pulling apart like Byron's Arcades Ambo.

There is another Davy, to whom, if a man be chained, the Lord help him. The others are only bores, this is the real original "Davy—a fiend". With him is no compromise, and yet he is the only one whom we treat with civility. Because he is the evil side of ourselves. Let us hope, that one day, inspired by some diviner hate, we may seize pickaxe or shovel or whatever weapon lies handy, and make an end of him. We shall get some hard knocks in the process, very likely we shall lug his slovenly unhandsome corse about with us to the end, but we shall be rid of our Davy, and the warder, watching, will pardon, perhaps applaud.

THE CITY.

STOCK markets are still under the palpitating influence of the Russo-Japanese crisis. One day every wiseacre is certain that there will be no war, and prices are marked up. The next day some other wiseacre announces, "on the best authority", that war is inevitable, and prices are marked down. On Thursday the House was in an optimistic mood, and everything rose. It is gradually being recognised by shrewd operators that there are two markets which cannot possibly be affected by a war in the Far East, viz., American and Argentine railways. Of course in the first flurry of the announcement of war, should it come, the prices of Argentine and American rails will be marked down by the sympathetic jobber like every other security. But after the first spasm of excitement is over, it will be seen that the traffics of Argentine and American lines cannot possibly be affected by a naval war off Port Arthur, and the prices of these securities will rise. Indeed the Argentine and American companies would benefit by a war, for the United States and the River Plate are the two sources whence nations draw their supplies of food in times of emergency, just as they get their coal from England, and their guns, probably, from Germany. War would bring a lot of money into circulation, and some people

say that from a Stock Exchange point of view it would be a blessing. Anything would be better than the present state of suspense. But war or no war, we believe that the American and Argentine Railway markets will be strong. We do not of course mean that we shall have a Yankee boom. But Southern Pacifics, and consequently Union Pacifics, are in our opinion worth a good deal more than their present price, as are Baltimore and Ohio. We should not be surprised to see a rise of 20 points in these three stocks before May. As for Argentines, Rosarios and Buenos Ayres and Pacifics might run away at any moment. Great Southern and Westerns are high enough, but "Rosies" at 120 and Pacifics at 130 by March are reasonable expectations. Some Argentines, on the other hand, are quite as high as their prospects warrant, Rosario deferred at 80, for instance, while East Argentines at 77 are too high, for the talked-of amalgamation with the North-Eastern is moonshine. If any amalgamation is effected it will be with the Entre Rios Railway, and then the stock cannot pay more than 4 per cent. In the Home Railway market there has been a decided improvement, especially in the stock of our leading lines. In our last issue we called attention to the irrationally low price of London and North-Western Ordinary, and since then they have risen 8 points, from 144 to 152, and Great Westerns have risen 5, from 132 to 137. This shows that there are still some investors, or even speculators, left in impoverished England. The one market which would undoubtedly suffer most from the declaration of war would be the South African, not because the output of the mines could be affected by a cannonade in the Yellow Sea, but because Paris is a large operator in Kaffirs, and at the first whiff of gunpowder Paris would sell hysterically. Besides, it is by no means obvious that the labour difficulty is surmounted by the passage of the legislation. The magnates have to get the Chinese coolies of the right sort. This they will doubtless do in time, but not immediately. For the same reason Rio Tintos would fall on a declaration of war, as they are largely held in Paris. But as there seems to be no doubt that the stocks of copper in Europe are unusually low, there ought to be a smart rise in Tintos if there is no war. And there may be no war. The Chinese-American commercial treaty has certainly modified the situation, and opened the eyes of Russia. The great finance-houses of the world know something of the "dessous des cartes", and with Russian Funds at 98½ it seems hard to believe in war. The only consideration which militates against a real boom all round, in the event of peace, is the number of municipal and colonial loans that are awaiting issue, to say nothing of further Government borrowings for the Irish Land Act and the purchase of the Water Companies. The truth is that individual enterprise is being killed by the reckless borrowing of public authorities, Imperial, Colonial, and Municipal. The public borrower, a most dangerous factor in modern times, has been deceived by the apparent ease with which the Government financed the Transvaal War. We say apparent ease, because the money was largely found by American, French, and German capitalists. We believe that most of the American purchases have been liquidated. But it is not pleasant to think what might happen if the French and German banks were to withdraw their money from the London market.

LIFE OFFICES AND TRUST FUNDS.

AT a recent meeting of the Faculty of Actuaries it was suggested that Life assurance policies and annuity bonds should be admitted as trustee investments. It was proposed that before the bonds of any Life office could be purchased by trust funds the company should prove that it possessed a suitable standard of strength, so as to eliminate all risks of loss.

In many ways the suggestion is an admirable one. Taking the simple case of a trust which gives a life interest in a fund to a widow and the reversion to children, it is obvious that the combination of an annuity for the life of the widow and a policy payable at her

death in favour of the children would exactly meet the case.

Special provisions under a will, such as forfeiture of the life interest by the widow in the event of re-marriage; or payments out of capital for maintenance and education of children, could be provided for with great facility under this plan, which presents the further great advantage that there would be no depreciation in capital value such as has been experienced to such a serious extent in the last six or seven years.

It would be inappropriate to permit every Life office doing business in the United Kingdom at the present time to issue policies and annuities as trustee investments. There are a few companies which are not financially sound enough for this purpose. The deposit of £20,000 required from new and small companies, and the publication of annual accounts and of valuation returns, in accordance with prescribed schedules, is not sufficient guarantee for the security that ought to be afforded for authorised trust investments. It is difficult to see how the necessary tests could be applied to a Life office without departing from the policy of the Life Assurance Companies Acts, which give the Board of Trade no power to interfere with the affairs of a company, and practically confine its operations to seeing that the proper returns are duly made. If anything approaching State supervision of insurance companies such as prevails in America were introduced in this country, it would probably be detrimental to the interests of Life offices and their policy-holders. Such a system in this country would not be likely to produce the glaring scandals that prevail in the United States in connexion with the attempts of some insurance commissioners to extort money for their own benefit from the insurance companies, but it would probably involve setting up some standard of valuation less stringent than the majority of companies at present adopt, and so have a tendency to weaken the financial position of the companies.

The bulk of the American insurance business is valued on a 4 per cent. basis because it is the official standard, and only in exceptional cases and for certain policies are stronger reserves provided by the companies. In this country, on the other hand, freedom from interference, competition and the high standard reached by insurance managers and directors, have brought about the adoption of stronger bases of valuation with much wider margins for security and for future profits.

From the point of view of the companies it is possible that the interference implied by imposing tests of financial soundness before allowing a company to issue trust policies and annuities, might involve disadvantages which would outweigh the benefits to be derived from the business. Whether or not the contracts of Life offices are included among legal investments for trust funds, there seems nothing to prevent testators providing that their estate may be invested in life policies and annuities. The security in a good Life office is at least equal, and in many ways superior, to that afforded by trust investments. They present the further great benefit that no depreciation in capital value can possibly result, and they enable all desired contingencies to be provided for in the most complete and satisfactory manner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BALFOUR'S POSITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of 16 January you refer, not, I think, for the first time, to Mr. Balfour's attitude on the Fiscal question as inconsistent with leadership of a great party. As one who believes strongly in the wisdom and consistency of the Prime Minister's present attitude, will you allow me to give instance of what might be parallel cases, which will, I think, demonstrate the logic of his position?

Mr. Balfour's attitude towards bi-metallism is well known. But supposing an eminent colleague of his

were to become a convert to his views and retire from the Government in order to carry on a raging tearing propaganda in favour of them, would anyone dream of suggesting that Mr. Balfour was lacking in leadership if he refused to make Bi-metallism the shibboleth of the Unionist party? Or, to take a far more likely case, the question of setting up a Roman Catholic University in Ireland: Mr. Balfour's sympathies on that subject also are not in doubt. But suppose Mr. Wyndham were to endeavour by a threat of resignation to force upon the Government a measure for the establishment of such a University at a time when Mr. Balfour regarded the matter as still unripe for legislation, would the latter be lacking in leadership if he resisted his subordinate's demand? And should Mr. Wyndham, going further, start an agitation which by its nature threatened to bring about a cleavage of the party on religious rather than on political grounds, would it not be true leadership on Mr. Balfour's part to refuse to make that question, however successfully and formidably argued, one of party?

The Party system affords in itself a definite reason why no practical politician can follow the counsel of perfection which his own intellectual predilections may dictate. Some of Mr. Chamberlain's highest claims to statesmanship lie, surely, in his subordination of personal convictions in the past to the cause of Unionism; and I have never known him regarded as less a leader of men or of a great cause because he has refrained from agitating for the acceptance of his own views even on such large matters as Education or Disestablishment.

The Fiscal question bulks no doubt more largely in the eyes of the whole community than is ever likely to be the case with the Irish University question: but the larger one is less a question of conscience or political justice than the smaller may appear to some. Great and important as is that part of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme which goes beyond the Prime Minister's proposal, it is still rather a matter of expediency than principle. Mr. Balfour's claim for freedom to retaliate touches really at the root of the whole question; and on that ground it is surely well that he should base his position as leader of a party whose record has hitherto been one not of heroic leaps into dark and dubious extremes, but of wise compromise toward that point where the greatest consensus of opinion was to be found.

I am, Sir, &c.

L. H.

[Our correspondent seems to us to argue the case for compromise well; but has he not overlooked an essential which Mr. Balfour's case lacks? The only justification of compromise is success; compromise is admittedly a sacrifice of principle to expediency: therefore if it fails in its object, it is defenceless. Mr. Balfour might, for the same reason that he keeps back bi-metallism and the Irish University question, have kept back the fiscal question. But he has not done so. He has allowed it to become the question of the day (probably of the generation); he has only reserved one part of it from the Government and the official party; but it is precisely that part which the nation really cares about. So that while the Prime Minister puts forward one issue, the country is thinking and will decide on another. This is to create a false situation, which the Prime Minister does not dominate, nor is he leading his party. The only result is to confuse the issue in favour of the Free Importers.—ED. S.R.]

WEALTH AGAINST BLOOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 19 January, 1904.

SIR,—The following answers may be suggested to Mr. F. C. Constable's three questions in your issue of the 16th:

1. (a) The decline in agriculture, and consequent decrease in our agricultural population, has been primarily caused by the ever-increasing cheapness of foreign corn, due to improvements in transport by sea and land. All that free trade has done is to prevent

this cheapness being counteracted by import duties—a negative effect, strictly speaking.

(b) The simple inquiry "Has this [the decrease in our agricultural population] not resulted in the physical deterioration of our race?" covers what logicians call the "fallacy of many questions". An affirmative answer implies, first, that deterioration is a fact. This requires very much more proof than is afforded by the ex cathedra utterances of eminent persons, and the scattered observations on particular classes of the population in particular places, which constitute almost all the evidence we have at present. Secondly, that, if a fact, it is due, solely or even mainly, to the increased proportion of town-dwellers. A variety of other possible causes connected with the diet and habits of the people at large would have to be considered and rejected before the proposition could be established. Thirdly, that the influx into the towns is due to the decline of agriculture. Then again there is a variety of factors to be considered.

2. (a) France produces practically all the corn she requires, and England does not. But this has nothing to do with "protection". If there is any one cause, it is the small and stationary population of France. Has Mr. Constable never realised that only countries which are very backward, or, like America and Canada, very sparsely populated, produce enough, or more than enough corn for their own consumption? It is centuries since England did so.

(b) It is really time that the "food supply in time of war" bogey was finally laid. What a country needs nowadays in time of war is, first and last, money, for so long as she has that the whole world (including, probably, the merchants of the very country which is at war with her) will be eager to supply her with food and everything else which she requires.

3. After what has been said above, the third question, "Are we not, under free trade, bartering the best blood and physique of the nation for mere material wealth?" needs no separate answer. That our increase in wealth has caused, or even has been accompanied by, a decline in physique, and that free trade is at the bottom of it all, is a series of unproved and unprovable propositions.

In a postscript Mr. Constable cites, as an instance of our physical deterioration, the lowered standard for army recruits, and asks whether protection, as in France, would not have prevented this. He forgets that our army is, for a variety of causes which cannot be considered here, very far from being representative of the population at large. Incidentally it may be observed that a labouring man of fine physique can command higher wages than his weaker brother in various civil occupations, but has no such advantage if he enlists. Nevertheless, one seems to have heard that the English soldier does not compare unfavourably as regards physique with the French one.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

V. HERBERT.

MOLUBDINOUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cambridge, 18 January, 1904.

SIR,—This is a barbarous and clumsy formation, and is misspelt. There is no such word in Latin as molubdo, genitive molubdin-is, as the termination -inous requires. The base is a misspelt form of molybd-, from which thirteen derivatives are given in the Century Dictionary. The man who is ashamed of saying "leadén" might use "molybdic"; but it is really not worth while. English spelling is regulated by French and Latin, which forbid the use of "u" in words derived from Greek. Hence molubdinous, even if it were correctly formed, would still be inadmissible. It is as bad as *sustem*, or *dunasty*, or *Ulusses*; spellings that are not golden, but leadén.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

WALTER W. SKEAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Wigwam, Wortham Diss, 17 January, 1904.

SIR,—While in hearty agreement with Mr. Reade's contention that all persons seeking an Oxonian degree in the Faculty of Arts should hereafter (as heretofore) be required to satisfy the examiners in respect of their acquaintance with the language of ancient Hellas, I would venture to submit that the word which he has constructed, as an epithet appropriate to Scotch utilitarianism, should be spelt molybdinous. This would be in accordance with the well-known principle which governs the transference of Greek words (through the Latin) into the English tongue—as in gymnast, misogynist, zephyr, et cetera omnia. Molybdæna molybditis molybdus and molybdis all occur in the writings of one or two Latin authors.

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

E. T. FRERE.

"PROSE DE L'ÂNE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brenchley, 16 January, 1904.

SIR,—Is not "*Prose de l'Âne*" a mistake for "*Prône de l'Âne*", the preaching or glorification of the ass?

The verses may not be poetry, but they are certainly not prose.

Yours, &c.

CECIL S. KENT.

["Prose" is a very well known liturgical term which Mr. Kent will find explained in Mr. Chambers' "*Mediaeval Stage*", Vol. I. p. 277 and Vol. II. p. 8. It is often applied to metrical texts. Even if "prose" were a mistake for "prône", the Latin "prosa"—which is the earlier form—is obviously not a mistake for "prona". "L. O." will find the various readings of the MSS. of the "prose" (including that which he quotes in our issue of 16 January) in Vol. II. p. 279 of "*The Mediaeval Stage*", with references to two modern settings.—Ed. S. R.]

S. JOHN'S FOUNDATION SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 Queen's Mansions, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W., 15 January, 1904.

SIR,—The Committee of Governors of S. John's Foundation School will be more than grateful to you if you will find space in your REVIEW to give a few facts regarding it. The special work which the school undertakes is the education of the sons of the poorer clergy.

That the school is greatly needed will be realised when I inform you that there are 1,491 parishes in England and Wales, the average net annual value of which is £67; 4,704 others with an average income of £154 a year; 4,577 others having an average income of £245 a year; while there are 7,000 curates with an average income of £130.

The school has been founded for a little over 50 years and sprang from a very small beginning. There are about 300 boys at present in the school, which is in a high state of efficiency. Ten scholarships have been founded with a head master and fifteen assistant masters. The work done is admirable as shown by the list of honours gained at Oxford and Cambridge by the boys.

The school has no endowment, hence it is a serious struggle to maintain its work, seeing that during the time the boys are in residence it requires upon an average £2,000 a month to discharge all its liabilities.

The clergy do not ask for luxury, nor would it be good for them to have it, but it is necessary that their means should enable them to educate their children, which many of them find it impossible to do.

Mr. Sam Bircham will preside at the festival dinner to be held at the Whitehall Rooms on 11 February,

and that gentleman has issued an appeal on behalf of the school, and for an extension of its benefits. I shall be glad to send invitations to any of your readers who may wish to support the work on that occasion, or to receive any contributions which they may feel disposed to send.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

SUTTON PATTERSON,

Secretary of S. John's Foundation School.

[We have pleasure in printing this letter.—Ed. S. R.]

NATURE STUDY AND THE EDUCATIONAL SECTION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

University College School, Gower Street, W.C.

SIR,—Under cover of the title "Education at the British Association" the following statement re "Nature Study" was recently published, viz.:—"It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the lay mind that unless Nature Study is taken up as a subject by which the spirit of scientific inquiry is created and fostered, men of science have no sympathy with its introduction into schools." As I presume this is to be considered an official pronouncement, I would therefore ask, as one who takes a keen interest in the Nature Study movement, to be permitted to use your columns to comment on same.

When the matter was under discussion at the last British Association meeting I believe Professor Marshall Ward stated that "the term 'Nature Study' was a catchword, and that if it came from America it ought to go back there". I have an idea that the movement or teaching, which the term Nature Study was applied to, and intended to cover, by the Cornell University authorities has come to us to stay. Be this as it may, the educational movement it denotes did, there is little doubt, come to us from the States. This Nature Study movement, however, my inquiries have led me to the conclusion, is above all things the expression or manifestation of a revolt against the spirit of modern science teaching and current scientific methods. President Wilson of Princeton University gave expression to this revolt in an address delivered lately. "I am much mistaken", he said, "if the scientific spirit of the age is not doing us a great disservice. . . . We have not given science too big a place in our education, but we have made a perilous mistake in giving it too great a preponderance in method over every other branch of study".

The biological or rather physiological craze, from which scientific men have for some time past suffered, has led scientific inquiry and science teaching to take such a form, that it has been tersely summed up as being totally occupied with the "analysis of entrails". Arising from this outlook it is unfortunately the fashion now-a-days to look with a certain amount of condescension on that keen primary interest in biological phenomena for their own sake—apart from their scientific analysis—that was characteristic of so many of our older naturalists; for instance Romanes describes Professor Allman as "a most fascinating naturalist of the old type, caring for birds, and beasts and flowers". The Nature Study movement is in essence, it will be found, a revolt against the modern "spirit of scientific inquiry" and its methods, and is a revival of older methods, a rejuvenescence of the natural history of the earlier naturalists, an attempt to return to the methods of Gilbert White and to work in the spirit of Professor Allman.

In a recent article on "The Modern School of Nature Study and its Critics" it was pointed out "that the study of nature was a vastly different thing from the study of science, they are no more alike than psychology and history". . . . "The difference between Nature Study and science . . . is the difference between the woman who cherishes her old-fashioned sweet-smelling flower-garden, and the professor who lectures on botany in a college class-room". Perhaps the whole thing resolves itself into the question what is meant by

the term "Nature Study"? One section holds that it is simply an attractive method of teaching science, while the other repudiates science teaching in any shape or form. The latter view seems to be the popular one in America and in support of this statement I quote three authorities. Professor T. H. Macbride of Iowa University writes:—"I should say that by Nature Study a good teacher means such study of the natural world as leads to sympathy with it. . . . Such study in the schools is not botany: it is not zoology; although, of course not contravening either". Professor A. S. Packard of Brown University considers Nature Study "as a study of plant and animal life at first hand, rather than from books; seeing, examining and studying a plant or animal, how it grows if an animal, how it moves, runs, walks, flies, swims, how it gets its livelihood, and then the child can learn to observe its relation to the life about it and to the world around". The third authority I would quote—Professor C. P. Gillette—writes "I would have Nature Study mean the study of living things to determine their habits, instincts adaptations and relations to environments. To be Nature Study in the highest sense of the term the work must be carried on under natural as opposed to artificial conditions." If we can agree as to what the term "Nature Study" comprehends the methods of study may be expressed in three words—observation, comparison, inference.

It is gradually being recognised that what the high school or elementary school pupil needs is not professional training in botany or zoology, but rather an opportunity to view the field so that he may have as wide an acquaintance as may be of the forms of plants and animals and their doings. This he needs that he may have an interest in the things of nature, and Nature Study endeavours to satisfy this want. The President of Harvard University recently addressing the American National Education Association said "We have become convinced that some intimate, sympathetic acquaintance with the natural objects of the earth and sky adds greatly to the happiness of life, and that this acquaintance should be begun in childhood and be developed all through adolescence and maturity. A brook, a hedgerow or a garden is an inexhaustible teacher of wonder, reverence and love". This is a plea for Nature Study pure and simple and Ruskin years ago practically said the same thing when he wrote "all other efforts in education are futile till you have taught your people to love fields, birds and flowers".

If the general conclusions I have arrived at are not at fault, the Nature Study movement, I take it, will not very much desire or seek the sympathy of men of science, unless they are also distinctively naturalists "of the old type caring for birds and beasts and flowers". At the present day one is rather apt to forget the fact that the greatest scientific generalisation of the nineteenth century was reached independently by two men who were pre-eminently familiar with living things in their homes and were not influenced by the modern "spirit of scientific inquiry". If I interpret aright the spirit of the Nature Study movement, it is also something quite separate and apart from the giving of object lessons in any science. It seems to be rather an endeavour to induce the young to get into that observational and sympathetic touch with natural objects and their own surroundings which forms the basis of the nature lore of the farmer, gamekeeper, shepherd, the sailor, scout, hunter and others. "Nature Study" is at present a much-abused term, and perhaps it is rather too indefinite to be long retained, more especially as the things that masquerade as "Nature Study" are decidedly not a few; while unfortunately many people are unable to distinguish between the true and the false. The "Nature Study" that was discussed at the British Association, as referred to in the statement under review, does not I fear come under the first category: but is simply an attempt to sugar-coat the "elementary science" pill, and if this be not resisted the essential spirit and value of the whole movement will soon be lost.

I am, yours faithfully,
R. HEDGER WALLACE.

REVIEWS.

"SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM."

"George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham." By Winifred Lady Burghclere. London: Murray. 1903. 215. net.

LADY BURGHCLERE has selected a very interesting as well as typical Restoration figure for her biographical monograph. A minuter analysis and record than has hitherto been made by modern students is due to the life, character and career of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, the son of "Steenie", the Zimri of Dryden, commemorated too by Pope and by Scott in his "Peveril of the Peak", a leading member of the famous infamous Cabal, a bosom friend of Charles II., the leader for a time of Mistress Nelly and "her merry gang", a prince of rakes and the scandalous hero of a notorious intrigue and duel associated with the profligate Countess of Shrewsbury, the author of "The Rehearsal", and finally one of the political protagonists of the Popish Plot. Indeed it is remarkable that so picturesque and prominent a politician has, with the exception of Brian Fairfax' Life, first printed by Horace Walpole, not found a biographer before. For Buckingham is not merely a picturesque and prominent personage in Restoration England, he offers to the student a series of puzzling problems in politics and psychology and a tempting canvas for a delineation of the atmosphere and social life of the Court from 1660 onwards. Lady Burghclere is fully aware of the opportunities her subject offers, and she has evidently done her best to get at the truth; she has availed herself of the light afforded by recent research, particularly as focussed in the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission; she has had recourse to archives both in England and France hitherto unpublished; she has framed her picture of Caroline society from contemporary authorities; and she can write simply and effectively. Her volume then contains much that is both interesting and valuable; it certainly is likely to be useful as a supplement to the existing material for framing a judgment on the complex and tangled issues of the reign of Charles II., and she has supplied essentially new material for clearing up and estimating some of the obscurer phases in Buckingham's kaleidoscopic career, and for filling in some of the gaps hitherto unintelligible for lack of precise data. We would especially single out here Buckingham's youth and education, the period between the outbreak of the Civil War and the Restoration, his varied connexion with France, and the episodes which intervene between the fall of the Cabal and his appearance as a leader of the constitutional opposition and the manipulator of the Popish plot, as examples in point. Furthermore her connected narrative enables the student to arrive at a verdict on his character as a whole, and to revise by a review of the evidence the verdict of his contemporaries and the accredited judgment of the ordinary historians. We may note in passing that more than once Lady Burghclere suggests doubts for accepting implicitly some of the accounts of the worst features in his career, such as his complicity in the most unscrupulous measures of the Cabal and the story of the heartless duel in which he killed the Earl of Shrewsbury. And Lady Burghclere's book is eminently readable; she betrays no desire for whitewash, extenuation, or special pleading; her own verdicts are commendably impartial. The book is excellently printed, and the illustrations from well-known portraits are both historically and artistically most welcome. Those of Buckingham himself, his duchess, the unhappy, patient and loyal Mary Fairfax, and of Lady Shrewsbury are particularly appropriate and helpful.

But despite these very considerable additions to our knowledge, for which Lady Burghclere deserves every credit, a careful study of her monograph we confess leaves a sense of disappointment. The arrangement of the material is not always very happy, the selection and treatment of topics seem unnecessarily discursive and arbitrary; the proportions suggest doubts. It is not always easy to see why certain topics are introduced and others are excluded; the narrative flows along pleasantly enough on biographical lines but the

sequence and connexion of events are not as clearly enforced as we could wish. We fully grant the difficulty alluded to by the author herself of steering between the writing of a history of England and the biography of an individual, but we do feel that Lady Burghclere has not always hit the desirable medium. In one place explanations are given, the knowledge of which might have been assumed, in another the explanation is omitted which is essential to make perfectly plain the part played by "the hero". For example the circumstances under which the famous Cabal was formed, the policy which it adopted, the reasons why it was adopted and why it failed are too much left to be inferred, and the actual title and what it stood for are parenthetically explained, correctly enough, not at its foundation but at the time when it was breaking up. So again, the attention is too frequently diverted from the leading argument into side issues, chatty contributions to, and obiter dicta on, the characters of other leading figures such as Arlington, Shaftesbury or Lauderdale. The result, as might be expected, is to mar the logical structure of the biography as such, to detract from its artistic value, and to blur the clearness of its presentation—all of which are surely essential. Nor is the historical background quite satisfactory. Obviously it would be unjust to demand from Lady Burghclere, who so modestly disclaims "the presumption of writing English history", the breadth and depth of knowledge to be demanded from a writer who professed to do so. But the correctness of drawing in a portrait, the value and harmony of its tone depend no little on the skill with which the background is painted in. The failing here is one we are convinced rather of method than of matter. From 1651-1685, the fruitful period of Buckingham's life, English history presents a series of knotty problems in foreign and domestic policy, of conflicting issues and conflicting ideals; Buckingham's contribution, if any, to the solution of those problems can only be judged fairly and correctly if his biographer has made it as clear as day with what each successive phase in his career was directly concerned. We want, in short, a brief but pithy analysis of the situation under Cromwell, of the Scotch problem, of Clarendon's policy and of the King's, in brief of the slow evolution of the complicated factors both at home and abroad which produced crisis upon crisis—the Treaty of Dover, the Declaration of Indulgence, the Test Act, the fall of the Cabal, Danby's Ministry, and his impeachment, the Treaty of Nimeguen, the Habeas Corpus Bill, the Exclusion Bill, the Popish Plot, the reaction and the rout of the Whigs and the triumph of the monarchy. Now the necessary material for all this is already in Lady Burghclere's book: it only wants rearrangement, co-ordination, and resetting. But as it stands the precise picture of what Buckingham did and why, the analysis of his success and failure and why is not altogether to be found in these pages.

In a word we would hold that the writer has portrayed the man but merely sketched the politician, and of the man the less said the better. "There are incidents", we are truly told, (only too many) "in the life of George Villiers which the veriest sophistry cannot condone". If he was charitable, placable, courteous, witty and the finest of fine gentlemen what are these qualities as against his boundless extravagance, his vanity, his quarrelsomeness, his selfishness, his immorality which shocked even the profligate Court of the Restoration? Lady Burghclere deplores that Buckingham never met the woman capable of remedying his defects, deplores the blighting influence of Lady Shrewsbury, "the fatal Siren who beckoned him across the Rubicon that divides the libertine from the criminal". But surely the truth is that no woman could have reformed him, that before the fatal Siren came into his life he was hopelessly depraved. The man who could find in so shameless a wanton the inspiration of a passion and the guiding star of a career was made of fibres as corrupt and earthy as herself. And as he was a cynical libertine in life so was he a cynical libertine in politics. The restless and boundless vanity, the thirst for power, the impatience of restraint, the prostitution of no mean abilities to the gratification of the moment

can be traced from the day when as a mere lad he fled from Cambridge to join Charles I. at Oxford through all the bitter phases of his extraordinary career. Of genuine insight, of capacity to use power when it came to him, of abiding political convictions, of readiness to learn by experience we can discover no evidence. When he was not the victim of his own egoism he was the tool of others. Beside Clarendon, Shaftesbury, Danby, Halifax, even beside Arlington, Clifford or the drunken Lauderdale his mercurial temperament, his lack of a political creed are conspicuous and damning. That he never understood Cromwell or Fairfax is natural enough; but did he ever penetrate through to what lay in the real heart of Charles II., or grasp the true import and secrets of the forces which between 1675 and 1685 were rising in a slowly gathering tide? The man who is incapable of ideals himself is incapable of appreciating or sympathising with the ideals, however perverse or false, of anyone else. Puritanism or Prerogative, Anglicanism or Constitutional Government Buckingham could glibly express if he needed, but these causes were sealed books to him. Even his belauded advocacy of religious toleration enforces the harsh conclusion that it was more the outcome of temperamental indifference than an intellectual conviction. He lived as he died an opportunist in the worst sense, one to whom opportunism was not a political creed as it was to Halifax, but a physical vice. Bolingbroke too was a libertine, but what a gulf separates Bolingbroke the statesman from Buckingham! The measured and weighty indictment of Dryden's *Zimri* is no satire; it is a portrait unduly favourable, and the causes that he so feverishly championed from youth to a dishonoured old age owe Buckingham neither gratitude nor remembrance.

ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBAN LITERATURE.

"English Literature: an Illustrated Record in Four Volumes." Volume II. from the Age of Henry VIII. to the Age of Milton. By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann. 1904. 16s. net.

THE second volume of this "Illustrated Record" is divided into nine chapters, Dr. Garnett contributing the first six (down to and including Shakespeare) and Mr. Gosse dealing with the Jacobean writers. A coloured reproduction of the "original portrait of Shakespeare in oils, 1609", is given as a frontispiece. The rude original bears considerable resemblance to the Droeshout portrait, but we are not at all sure that the experts who accept it as genuine have proved their case. Its pedigree is very faulty. Of the Droeshout portrait (or was it of the Stratford bust?) William Morris once said that "it could not be like Shakespeare because it is not like a man".

In his opening chapter, "The Great Elizabethan Prose Writers", Dr. Garnett treats of Bacon, Hooker, Sidney and Raleigh. He concludes his notice of Bacon with the remark that "representative as he is of his own time, no contemporary has so much the air of a modern". Of Hooker he observes—"His sentences are frequently long and involved, but they never want logic and seldom harmony. Like all great writers, he rises with his theme". Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia", once so widely popular, has few admirers to-day. Dr. Garnett thinks that "a judicious abridgment might even now be a literary success", but we sincerely trust that nobody will act on this hint. When the late Mr. Hain Friswell attempted the task, and ruthlessly cut out all the poetry scattered through the old romance, his abridgment met with a chilling reception. It is curious that Dr. Garnett in noticing Raleigh's poetry omits to mention "The Lie". The beautiful song that he quotes from one of Dowland's song-books, "My thoughts are winged with hopes, my hopes with love", may possibly be by Raleigh, but there is not a shred of evidence to support Raleigh's claim.

Among the writers noticed in the second chapter, "The Lesser Lights of Elizabethan Prose", are Holinshead, Foxe, Camden, John Knox, industrious Hakluyt, Gerarde of the delightful "Herball", Lyly, Lodge, Greene and Nashe. We cannot agree with Dr. Garnett

that Nashe's "only production of literary importance is his romance 'The Unfortunate Traveller'". As a master of invective he was not surpassed even by Swift, and the songs in "Summer's Last Will and Testament" show that he had the lyrical faculty in perfection. The gradual elaboration of the Authorised Version of the Scriptures is briefly sketched, and the title-page of the 1611 edition is given in reduced facsimile, with the odd inscription "Title-page of the 'Bishops' Bible', 1611". At the end of the chapter is a notice of Adlington (the translator of Apuleius), Sir Thomas North and Florio.

"Spenser and Minor Elizabethan Poets" are considered in the third chapter. Much as we admire Dryden, we are taken aback by the statement that Spenser's "Epithalamium" "impresses the mind less powerfully than 'Alexander's Feast'"; but Dr. Garnett hastens to add that "there is perhaps no poem of equal extent in the language of such level merit where the poet, rising from the first to a lofty height, remains poised so long on steady wing without appreciable rise or descent". Sackville's fine "Induction" is appreciatively noticed. Dr. Garnett has a good word to say for honest Thomas Tusser, and those voluminous writers George Gascoigne and Thomas Churchyard are not forgotten. Nicholas Breton, who wrote far too much, was sometimes very happily inspired, but we profess no great admiration for Thomas Watson, who "took his art more seriously than Breton, but had much less natural gift". In any chronicle of English literature only a few lines can be given to such writers as Henry Constable, Barnabe Barnes and Richard Barnfield; yet they were genuine poets. Robert Greene's plays and innumerable tracts, albeit preserved in fifteen volumes by the labours of the late Dr. Grosart, are buried in oblivion, but his best lyrics have an unfading charm. Lodge, Sir Edward Dyer and the eccentric Earl of Oxford will survive in fragments.

The fourth chapter, devoted to the "Predecessors of Shakespeare", gives a general account of the moralities, with particular notices of the profoundly impressive "Everyman" (which of recent years has been acted with signal success), "The Castle of Perseverance", "Hickscorner", "The Four Elements", "Lusty Juventus", and the Interludes of John Heywood. From the Moralities and Interludes we pass to "Ralph Roister Doister", "Gammer Gurton's Needle", "Gorboduc", the plays of Lyly, Peele and Kyd, and so reach the real father of English drama Christopher Marlowe. The pre-Shakespearean drama is a well-worn subject, but Dr. Garnett betrays no sense of languor, and his account of Marlowe is particularly good. Among the illustrations is an engraving of the late Mr. Onslow Ford's Memorial to Marlowe at Canterbury. It would have been enough to reproduce simply the figure of the Muse, for the rails and the lamppost—which dwarf the graceful figure—may be viewed with pride by the local ironmonger but are hardly artistic.

The two chapters on Shakespeare are well considered and well written. Dr. Garnett advances no startling theories; he has been a discriminating student of Shakespearean literature, and is not to be persuaded by Mr. Churton Collins that Shakespeare was deeply read in Greek or by Mr. Sidney Lee that the "only begetter" of the Sonnets was Mr. William Hall. He concludes his admirable essay with an eloquent sentence worthy of Lander:—"To remove any other great poet from our literature would be to lop off a limb from a many-branching tree, to remove Shakespeare would be to take the sun out of Heaven." The illustrations to these chapters are chiefly reproductions of portraits of famous actors and actresses in Shakespearean parts.

Nobody has written more engagingly about Jacobean literature than Mr. Gosse, but he seems to be cramped by want of space in the present volume. More than a score of writers are reviewed in the seventh chapter—including Daniel, Drayton, Sir John Davies, "the Songwriters", Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Donne, Lord Brooke and Sir John Harington. The eighth chapter—"The Jacobean Drama"—is even more crowded. Ten pages are given to Ben Jonson, but Beaumont and Fletcher are dismissed in six; and much

of the space accorded to rare Ben and the Twin Brethren is occupied by extracts, portraits and facsimile illustrations. Dekker, Webster, Marston and Tourneur are summarily treated. The engraved title-pages to Heywood's "Hierarchie of Blessed Angels" and "Gunaikeion" are reproduced as full-page illustrations: we are glad to have them, but they bulk too largely in an Illustrated Record—and the "Gunaikeion" title-page has been reproduced from a poor original. Thomas Middleton, from the frontispiece to "Two New Plays" (1657), looks more dignified than in the old woodcut. Shirley's portrait has been taken from the rare 1646 edition of his "Poems", but the portrait that hangs in the Gallery of the Bodleian Library is much more prepossessing.

Thirty years ago Mr. Gosse paid homage to Webster in a fine sonnet; and his studies of the minor Jacobean have never been lacking in sympathy and insight. He was born to be a leisurely essayist, not a "stern recorder"; but he can deliver his critical dicta with force and precision. This brief character of Marston, in a single sentence, is good:—"John Marston, whose versification owes much to Marlowe, was a harsh and strident satirist, a screech owl among the singing-birds; in the first decade of the seventeenth century he produced a series of vigorous rude tragedies and comedies which possess a character of their own, not sympathetic at all, but unique in its consistent tone of caustic melancholy, and often brilliantly written." It is well observed of Ford, who is criticised at some length, that "He has a certain grandeur of simplicity, an amplitude of design, both of them marred by an unfortunate monotony of voice".

Mr. Gosse's last chapter, "Jacobean Prose", is too depreciatory. "The reign of James I.", we are told, "is one of the most discouraging in our history so far as the advance of prose style is concerned". Yet in James' reign Burton was writing his "Anatomy of Melancholy" at Oxford; William Drummond of Hawthornden in his "Cypress Grove" was anticipating Sir Thomas Browne; Sir Walter Raleigh from the Tower penned the last chapter of his "History of the World" and that most beautiful and tender letter of farewell to his wife; Dekker's "Bachelors' Banquet" was delighting the town by its whimsical drollery; and Hakewill was preparing that noble "Apology" which was to engage the serious thoughts of Milton (in his student days at Cambridge). "Discouraging", forsooth!

We cannot take leave of this volume without thanking the publisher for the excellent reproduction in colour of Isaac Oliver's beautiful miniature portrait (preserved at Windsor Castle) of Sir Philip Sidney. Many of the illustrations are good, but this is incomparably the best.

CANADA AS IT IS.

"Canada in the Twentieth Century." By A. G. Bradley. London: Constable. 1903. 16s. net.

MR. BRADLEY'S success as the historian of Canada and the biographer of Wolfe will ensure a particular interest in this effort to describe the Canada not of the past but of the present. It by no means follows that a writer who has given the world an admirable and valuable account of things as they were will prove equally expert in the presentment of things as they are. We can pay Mr. Bradley's book no higher compliment than to say that "Canada in the Twentieth Century" is worthy of the author of "The Fight with France for North America". It is occasionally defective in grammar, but it is picturesque, vivid, intimate; and it throws the social, inter-racial and political problems of Canada into the same relief as the architecture of Montreal or the promontory of Quebec. Mr. Bradley does not attempt to cover the whole of Canada, but the parts which he selects for treatment are described in a way which will make the Briton who has never been there feel that he knows all about it. He affords us peeps into the homes alike of the merchant, magnate and of the habitant; and in a page of excellent word-painting he enables us to understand life on a ranch or to see for ourselves the gorgeous panorama of forest and city, of river and

meadow and village presented by the "Mountain above Montreal". It is no light task which Mr. Bradley has essayed, in seeking to show us Canada as the opening years of the twentieth century find it; but he disposes of it with an apparent ease which is possibly the surest proof of difficulties surmounted by the true artist. The illustrations in the book are numerous and good, but they only confirm the author's own pen pictures.

"Happily", says Mr. Bradley, "Canada will justify a good deal of the cheery optimism that is inevitable to an Old Country holiday-maker on the prairie in autumn". The chief problem in the Dominion to-day from the Imperial point of view is that of the relations of the French Canadian and the English. The two peoples are not much nearer each other now than they were when Durham grappled courageously with what he called "a war in a single State". The situation is paradoxical. The French Canadian is loyal to the British crown: not enthusiastically so perhaps but he recognises the solid advantages of the British connexion. He is full of prejudices towards his British fellow-citizen; and only learns English when it is of supreme importance to the realisation of his worldly ambition. As a friendly American observer once said: "The people of French descent cling to their language and religion with the tenacity of peasants—but they learn English in proportion as they develop enough intelligence to desire an improvement in their social position." The priest, who is the stoutest pillar of the British connexion, mainly because he has the biggest fear of annexation by the United States, is largely responsible for the barrier between two races which have prospered under the same flag for a century and a half. The Churches are a main cause of division. "Mixed marriages are nowadays more than discouraged by the Roman Church and not wholly approved of by others. This is quite enough to put a damper on social intercourse among the young of the two creeds—and here probably you have the root of the matter". It must however be said that the Briton does not trouble himself to take any steps calculated to dispel French-Canadian prejudices. He is equally full of prejudices himself; and entertains a tacit if not avowed idea that it is the business of the French to meet him half way, not his business to make the advance. Readers of Mr. Bradley's book will be conscious of the mistake that was made when the dual language was permitted, and will apply the moral to the case of South Africa. But whilst the continuance of the two tongues is a source of annoyance and a cause for regret, we must remember that the Canadians would perhaps have joined the colonists in the War of Independence if their language as well as their religion had not been held sacred by Great Britain. French Canada to-day is a solid force, notwithstanding that it throws up public men so unlike as Laurier, Tarte and Bourassa: Liberal though the Prime Minister is, his French extraction ensured him the votes of thousands of French Conservatives. When we remember the efforts successfully maintained by the Roman clergy in Canada to keep their people, who constitute so large an element of its population, "simple, ignorant, contented and moral", it speaks much for the enterprise and energy of the British section of Canada that under self-government she has never looked back. But striking as her progress has obviously been, Mr. Bradley considers it is not generally realised how much she has gone ahead in every department of her national life in the last few years. Canada has broadened her horizon immeasurably with the new century, and is probably only just awakening to a full consciousness of the part she is expected to play in the fortunes of the Empire to which she belongs.

ENGLAND AND IRISH COMMERCE.

"A History of the Commercial and Financial Relations between England and Ireland from the Period of the Restoration." By Alice Effie Murray. London: King. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

IT is more creditable to Girton than to Irish historical research that it should have been left to a Girton girl to provide the first connected account of the commercial relations between Great Britain and

Ireland which has been attempted for above a century. Not since the celebrated Provost Hely Hutchinson published his well-known work on the Commercial Restraints of Ireland, more than a hundred and twenty years ago, has any equally considerable attempt been made to treat in an independent work the economic conditions of Ireland as affected by her political history.

Miss Murray's presentation of a difficult and complicated subject is seldom marred by random generalisations, and it is impossible not to admire the thoroughness with which her work has been done. Only a closely critical eye is likely to discern any important omissions in the formidable catalogue of authorities which she has consulted, and of such omissions as we have noted none is very serious. It may perhaps be objected on the one hand that the author's knowledge of the period prior to that at which she professedly starts is somewhat obviously superficial, and, on the other, that in her account of the very recent economic history of Ireland she has adopted with, perhaps, too little discrimination the conclusions of Sir Horace Plunkett and his allies in the Board of Agriculture and Industry. These however are but trifling blemishes. The period of the Restoration is undoubtedly a natural date at which to start the inquiry; and if the opinions which Sir Horace Plunkett represents are not always entirely just, there is certainly no other contemporary authority on which an inquirer like Miss Murray could more fairly rest her conclusions.

The main proposition which this book seeks to enforce is defined with clearness in the opening chapter. No one is likely to dispute the thesis that a great deal of the existing backwardness of Ireland has its origin to a great extent in the restrictions imposed by England on the development of Irish commerce. But the chief value of the book lies not so much in the success with which this proposition is sustained by historical illustration as in the ability with which the writer has supplied "a plain historical account of the commercial and financial relations between England and Ireland from the period of the Restoration". This Miss Murray has done with abundant knowledge and with the most exemplary fairness. The most serious fault we have to find with her book is that it adopts too absolutely the penitential attitude and the penitential garb which Englishmen are apt to regard, perhaps a little pharisaically, as the appropriate posture and attire in reference to English dealings with Ireland. No doubt there is much room for repentance in the history which Miss Murray unfolds. But after all getting into a white sheet and crying "mea culpa" is not a very productive form of reparation. And it is doubtful whether in the access of remorse the penitent does not sometimes confess to a heavier count of crimes than she is properly burdened with. Much of the story is, of course, quite without excuse. No one, for example, can defend the suppression of the Irish woollen trade which gives occasion for one of the most excellent of Miss Murray's many admirable chapters. Yet it may be doubted whether its results have not been in a great degree exaggerated. Miss Murray's treatment of the whole question betrays the one serious defect in her equipment for her task. Admirably minute as is her acquaintance with the details of the commercial history of Ireland for the period of which she writes, her general knowledge of Irish history, of Irish conditions, and, what is not less important in this connexion, of Irish aptitudes leaves something to be desired. It is quite true that the restrictions imposed by England were calculated to dwarf and did very seriously hamper the commerce of Ireland. But is it so certain that without these restrictions the development of that commerce would have been so great as is commonly assumed? A deeper knowledge of the whole matter would teach Miss Murray a truth which is and will always remain a cardinal factor in Irish economics, that the genius of the Irish people is not an industrial genius. By this we are by no means to be understood as asserting that the Irish people have not a genius for industry. The once common gibe at the Irish peasantry as a lazy and indolent class is for the most part quite undeserved. But it is unquestionable that the Keltic population have never exhibited any aptitude for industrial life. The whole conception of

Irish life in its normal and pre-Norman state was entirely pastoral; and down to the era of the English plantations the habits of the people were not merely pastoral as opposed to industrial, but actually roving and nomadic. Town life was wholly unknown to the Irish septs. It is scarcely an exaggeration to assert that there is not a city in Ireland which is not essentially of Danish, Norman or English, rather than of Celtic origin. This is a consideration of much more than theoretical importance which has not been properly appreciated either by the critics of England's errors in her commercial dealings with Ireland, or by the apostles of what is called the economic regeneration of the sister island. It may be added that the symptoms of this innate habit of the Irish people have not infrequently manifested themselves in the recent economic history of the country, a fact of which those who are responsible for the operations of the Congested Districts Board are tolerably well aware. But these reflections need not impair our gratitude to Miss Murray for her scholarly and conscientious work.

ANGLICANISM IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Studies in English Religion in the Seventeenth Century." By H. Hensley Henson. London: Murray. 1903. 6s. net.

THE movement of thought which is commonly named after Archbishop Laud has undoubtedly been the most potent influence that has acted upon the English Church since the Reformation. At first it affected only a select minority of refined souls, and Laud himself, eager for immediate success, must have seemed to his contemporaries to distrust the attractiveness of his own doctrine when he relied upon royal patronage and coercion instead of leaving it to make its way by its own merits. And King Charles himself was taking a new departure when he made himself the partisan of a minority among his religious subjects. Elizabeth had so represented her country in the eyes of all England that by general consent to differ from her was almost treason; her successor, though far from having her hold upon the affection of the people, was the patron of the Synod of Dort and so had earned the favour of all to whom the militant Protestantism and Calvinist belief of Holland were dear. But Charles in his zealous support of Arminianism and of a disciplined churchmanship was making himself the champion of a cause which needed time if it was to win without a revolution. Had it been possible to keep religion and politics apart, no doubt the steady practice of Anglican worship would have insensibly moulded the character of the nation. But time was denied him and the Archbishop, and they had to achieve by their deaths what under happier conditions their lives would have effected. Not that the death of Laud is comparable in importance with that of Charles. It was the dignity with which the King sustained his martyrdom that ripened a feeling which otherwise must have been slow of growth. But Gauden's brilliant if somewhat heartless feat of pamphleteering, in preparing "Eikon Basilike" in anticipation of the King's death and hastening it through the press for publication on the very day after his funeral, had its share in the result. The little book, written in admirable taste and with perfect adaptation to its purpose, touched countless hearts, and its lesson was driven home during the years of oppression when the Book of Common Prayer like the Roman Missal was proscribed. Thus it came to pass that the very opposition which the Laudian churchmanship had excited promoted its growth, and the normal Englishman of to-day regards the school in which Ken and Keble were trained as his ideal, however far his practice and the fervour of his feeling may fall short of its standard. Whatever the limitations in thought of that school may be, however great the excellences of outlying types, within or without the Church, of English religion, all competent observers must recognise in it the central and characteristic development of Christianity in our country.

But in the first half of the seventeenth century no

eye but that of an enthusiastic faith could have foreseen such a result. Canon Henson has served us well in showing, as only a sympathiser with the majority of Laud's day could have done, how the average Englishman actually regarded the movement. The histories which are in the hands of Churchmen are for the most part misleading in this respect. The sympathy of the writers being with the High Church party, they have been eager to make the most of any tokens of early success, and have understated, not the less seriously because of their honesty, the force of public opinion on the contrary side. Others, misled by the ultimate victory of the cause, have read its history as one of continuous growth and so have missed the significance of the tragic episodes in hastening and in some measure shaping the result. But by Canon Henson's help we can see Laud and his school as they appeared to the laymen and to the dominant ecclesiastics of their day. Though he is no Puritan, he sides with the Puritans in this debate and presents the negative side of their case with admirable skill and compactness. It must be confessed that the picture is not attractive, though the writer has made it unduly dark by introducing the illiterate and often scandalous survivors of the days of neglect under Elizabeth. Baxter was well within his rights in making the most of abuses which went far to justify his revolt, and Canon Henson does well to reprint his account of Worcestershire in his youth. But Laud was as eager to reform such abuses as Baxter himself, and their existence was a cause and a justification of the activity of his school. The English Church had, in fact, never been reformed except in doctrine. All the mediæval abuses of plurality and poverty had been allowed to remain, and it is to the credit of Charles that in Scotland, where he had at first a freer hand, he made a provision for the clergy which to this day makes their position more satisfactory than that of English incumbents. No doubt Laud would have encouraged a similar reform in England, and we know that the King had generous thoughts in regard to Church property that was in his own hands.

Yet though the Puritans under the Commonwealth made serious efforts to remedy the same grievance, in no other respect were they able to take up a national position. If Canon Henson had given the rein to his humour, he might have drawn an entertaining picture of representative Englishmen growing convinced of Presbyterian truth when bad news came from the front and Scottish aid seemed necessary, but turning a deaf ear to the doctrines of the Westminster divines as soon as it was clear that the army could hold its own against the King. The alliance was as artificial as that formed of late for purposes of persecution between Evangelicals and persons who would be grotesquely uncomfortable if they came to close quarters with the spiritual leaders of their friends. In spite of the hostility with which it has been met, the school which as Gardiner pointed out is essentially that of tolerance is the only one that can without compromise hold its own and exert a comprehensive influence for good upon the nation. It has shown, and notably at the present time in regard to Scripture, its power of uniting new knowledge with continuity of thought; and the very stress of the trials through which Anglican principles have passed has confirmed and attested their vitality.

THE STRAY PAPERS OF A PSYCHOLOGIST.

"Fragments in Philosophy and Science." By J. H. Baldwin. London: Nimmo. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

THE established high position of Professor Baldwin among English-writing psychologists, and the universally recognised merit of his treatises on psychology and allied subjects are of themselves sufficient guarantee that the present volume of reprinted essays and papers contains much valuable material. At the same time it is not, we trust, unduly censorious to hint to the distinguished author that a man does not always increase his permanent reputation by scrupulous anxiety to preserve all his passing contributions to reviews and newspapers. We could mention, in the present case, at least one or two papers which no doubt at the time of composition served the purposes for which they were

designed, but are quite unworthy of an abiding existence as an integral part of the opera omnia of such a writer as Professor Baldwin. Thus the brief summary of the merits and demerits of Mr. Spencer's philosophy should surely either have been allowed to perish after achieving its immediate object of providing half-an-hour's instruction for the Philosophical Club of Bryn Mawr College, or have been expanded into a shape more worthy alike of the philosopher criticising and the philosopher criticised. Similarly the disquisition on "Theism and Immortality", which the author candidly informs us was composed in answer to the request of a newspaper editor for an Easter meditation, might better have been left in the obscurity of a back number of the "New York Independent". As a sort of "lay sermon" it may conceivably have had some edificatory value in its time, but, as a serious contribution to human thought upon a topic of vital philosophic interest, flattery itself would find it hard to say much in commendation of such a piece of jejune and ill-reasoned rhetoric.

In general we cannot but think that the more specially psychological essays contained in this volume will be found incomparably superior to those which attack the broader issues of general philosophy. Professor Baldwin no doubt has, or believes himself to have, a characteristic personal standpoint upon ultimate philosophical questions. Indeed he even goes so far, in the preface, as to offer a brief general description of his theory. It is "at once an idealism and also a naturalism"; it is also an "idealism which finds that the universe of science is, when all is said, not only true but also beautiful, and, in some sense"—unfortunately we are never told in what sense—"good". "While others say other things . . . I say . . . it [i.e. truth] is true and good because it is beautiful." "This ascription of beauty . . . is the final form of our thought about nature, man, the world, the all." All this, as it stands, may perhaps pass muster as tolerable rhetoric, but as a description in reasoned terms of an ultimate philosophical principle it certainly merits the epithet bestowed upon it by Professor Baldwin himself; it is to the last degree "vague seeming". And it cannot be said that the first five essays of the volume, with their criticisms of Spinoza, Bradley, Royce and other representatives of views from which the author dissents in whole or in part, do much to clear up the vagueness. Partly this may be due to the cryptic and tantalising style which Professor Baldwin adopts whenever he is discussing the problems of metaphysics. Why an author who can say what he means to say so simply and straightforwardly when he is reporting the results of his psychological experiments, or defending his inferences from them against the objections of a rival, should think it desirable to be so affectingly obscure when he comes to deal with ultimate issues it is not altogether easy to understand. Something possibly may be due to the attempt to get the same sort of literary effect which Professor William James knows so well how to secure by what in anyone else would be tricks and contortions of language. But Professor James' style, on which Professor Baldwin himself has some good passing remarks, is singularly personal to himself; as a model for the imitation of others he is almost as much to be avoided as, say, Mr. Meredith. Yet, when all allowance has been made for what may be a personal failure to cope with the difficulties of an author's style, we feel bound to say that we cannot find anywhere in Professor Baldwin's volume any connected attempt to deal with the fundamental questions which are raised by the language of his preface. No light is thrown upon the problem in what sense aesthetic predicates can be directly applied to a whole which from its intrinsic nature is incapable of being presented in individual form. Nothing is said in explanation or defence of the important thesis that the truth is ultimately "true and in some sense good" *because* it is beautiful. Nor does Professor Baldwin ever indicate more exactly the sense in which he is prepared to maintain the goodness of reality. On all these grounds, while we would not deny that there are fruitful suggestions in such a paper as that on "Recent Discussion in Materialism" or that on "The Cosmic and the Moral", we cannot see that the present volume really throws much light upon

the ultimate problems of thought. Indeed in the footnote on p. 76 the author reveals his own suspicion of the state of the case when he describes the "aesthetic" standpoint as one to which he is still feeling his way.

On a much higher level of permanent worth are the longer essays which deal in the spirit of positive science with questions of psychology. Among these we should be inclined to give the first place to the paper on "Imitation", and the two which deal with the author's "type" theory of Reaction (Essays XVII., XVIII.). Professor Baldwin's theories of the psychological nature of the tendency to imitate and its far-reaching ethical and social significance have now been elaborately worked out in two books ("Mental Development in the Child and Race" and "Social and Ethical Interpretations") of universally recognised force and originality, from which his doctrine of "circular reactions" and their educational significance for the development both of the sense of individual personality and of the belief in the personality of our fellows will be, or should be, known beforehand to the readers of these "Fragments". Still it was well worth while to reprint the paper in which so important a conception was first put forward, both for its interest to the future historian of psychology in the nineteenth century and for the benefit of general readers as well as of practical teachers who find some acquaintance with the modern psychology of imitation valuable for their special professional purposes without having the time to study an elaborate treatise on the subject. Readers to whom the subject is new will find some suggestive applications of the doctrine in the subsequent essay on the "Psychology of Religion", which however perhaps suffers a little from the lack of a clear definition of its subject. Has Professor Baldwin, for instance, given much thought to the question whether the magic and again the mythology of a savage or barbarian people should or should not be reckoned as part of its "religion"? Apparently he would take the affirmative side on both questions; yet a strong case is made out for the sharp separation of magic from religion in Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough", and Mr. Lang's plea for the distinction between religion and myth is familiar to us all.

The two essays which deal with "reaction-times" and Professor Baldwin's "type" theory of reaction are concerned with a more special topic, but one which is of importance in view of the wide currency obtained by the Wundtian doctrine which recognises the two types of "sensory" and "motor" reaction, and insists upon the universal greater rapidity of the latter. Both against the view that every man is in all his reactions exclusively of the sensory or exclusively of the motor class, and against the assumption that the motor type of reaction is universally the shorter Professor Baldwin's facts seem to make his case conclusive. The brief studies of illusions in connexion with the judgment of square size are admirable illustrations of the way in which the results of psychological experimentation may be stated so as to be interesting and intelligible to the general public of educated persons. The same may be said of the account of the "Weber-Fechner Law" in the paper on the "Postulates of Physiological Psychology".

The book suffers somewhat from inaccuracies which ought to have been corrected in the proof reading. Some of these such as "optische Bewegungsbilde", "à Moscow", are presumably due to the printer, but the author, we fear, must be held responsible for the assertions that Xenophanes regarded the stars as "fixed in a spherical shell" and that "James Mill, John Stuart Mill, Hume, Reid, and Bain" represent the "succession" of psychological thought in Great Britain, as well as for the irritating way in which two well-known writers are called indifferently "M." and "Prof." Flournoy, "Mr." and "Prof." Titchener.

NOVELS.

"For the White Rose." By Wymond Carey. London: Blackwood. 1903. 6s.

Mr. Carey has written—or rather over-written—an ambitious historical novel of Jacobite times. He uses much good material in a somewhat irritating way. The time is just after the '15, when the hopes of the Jacobites rested on an alliance between Spain and

Sweden, and the high politics in the book are treated with unusual skill. Charles XII. of Sweden plays a small but effective part. Mr. Carey has a sense of romance, but he is more successful with the tragedy of a lost cause than with the surprising personal adventures and escapades of its adherents. His heroine is an unconvincing medley of devotion and mischief who turns the head and ruins the fortunes of a dull Hampshire squire. We can hardly believe that a great Scottish lady could pose successfully as a south-country rustic. We hear a little too much, perhaps, about New Forest scenery: the treatment is that of a picturesque journalist. What could be more unhappy than to write of a rabbit as "curled in his lair"?

"The River of Vengeance." By Philip Laurence Oliphant. London: Arnold. 1903. 6s.

This is a somewhat amateurish story of a Russian Prince of the Zouroff type, and his innocent and injured wife, who differs from the Vera of "Moths" by being American, and altogether more cheerful and pleasant. She escapes to England, and takes the usual small house to let near the manor house in the quiet country village, which we have visited in so many novels, and meets the inevitable young squire in the usual way, near a river where he is fishing. With an airy disregard of possibilities and probabilities Mr. Oliphant gives a melodramatic excitement to his story by making the Zouroff prince abduct his wife and immure her in his snowy fastness in Russia—whence she escapes, pursued by wolves and her husband, who meets a well-deserved fate in an icy grave in the "River of Vengeance".

"Barbe of Grand Bayou." By John Oxenham. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1903. 6s.

A lighthouse on the coast of Brittany, a whirlpool, a cave, inspire Mr. Oxenham to a very pleasing story. Barbe, the daughter of the lighthouse keeper (himself a man of a strange record) is one of the most fascinating peasant heroines to be imagined. Generally the peasant heroine is reminiscent of opera, but Barbe is a real young woman. Some wonderful feats of swimming are performed, and there are strange beasts in the aforesaid cave about which we should like to have Professor Ray Lankester's opinion. But the feuds and intrigues of a fishing village sever the story from fairyland. It is dramatic and picturesque—to use two convenient but much-abused labels—and the triumph of virtue is untainted by insipidity.

"A Goddess from the Sea." By T. H. Willoughby Beddoes. London: Drane. 1904. 6s.

"A Goddess from the Sea" is a story of adventure in China without much literary merit. We should say that its author had read Mr. Rider Haggard's earlier books—notably "King Solomon's Mines" and "Mr. Meeson's Will", and is not an expert on Chinese matters. The rescue from a temple of an English girl stolen by pirates gives scope for some fighting, spirited enough, but the story drags and the style is awkward. If some critics' opinions on another book by Mr. Beddoes are sound, the present volume must, we imagine, be an earlier effort. It is very commonplace melodrama.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Impressions of Indian Travel." By Oscar Browning. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1903. 3s. 6d. net.

The pity of this book is that Mr. Browning had at least one serious object in visiting India—the discussion with the authorities there of a question of extreme importance which can easily be recognised. His views on this question would be worth having, but he is debarred from disclosing them. Buildings, public and private, old, middle-aged and new naturally occupy a large space in Mr. Browning's observations. In Calcutta his admiration is divided between Government House and the Army and Navy Stores. But it is not till he gets to the Taj that he really lets himself go. It is necessary to expand a little here because the body of Anglo-Indians who have made it their idol, according to Mr. Browning, are found by the same authority to be deficient in culture and indifferent to art. So having cleared the ground by this comprehensive denunciation he proceeds to develop his own views. His early experiences of a model Taj seems to have called from him the exclamation "it is just like these Baboos". Exactly as an Indian gentleman seeing a model of the Colosseum would naturally exclaim "it is just like these Cockneys". His actual experience has

happily dispelled this error and contrasts favourably with the criticism attributed to a late Viceroy who delivered judgment on the Taj by observing "Why it is just like the photographs". Perhaps even a Viceroy comes within the category of Anglo-Indians. Being only a visitor Mr. Browning should have known better than to reproduce the fiction of a Venetian architect—whom he converts into a Florentine—and of Italian workmanship in the Taj.

"Memorials of Old Oxfordshire." Edited by P. H. Ditchfield. London: Bemrose. 1903. 15s. net.

This book is apparently one of a series on some of the midland and southern counties which have been published during the last few years. Its contributors, besides the editor, include Mr. C. E. Keyser who writes the notes on the Oxfordshire churches, Viscount Dillon ("Historic Houses"), and May Sturge Henderson ("Blenheim Palace" and "Poets of Oxfordshire"). Mr. Alan Cheales—whose name one associates with roses—writes on Broughton Castle, and Mr. Walter Money on Chalgrove and Edgehill. Mr. Money has a strong reputation as an antiquary and a local historian. It was he, if we recollect rightly, who induced Professor Gardiner materially to alter his views on certain matters in connexion with the great struggle between the King and Essex at Newbury Wash. His account of Edgehill in the present volume though not without interest strikes us as rather slight. There is no doubt whatever that the King made a grave mistake in allowing Rupert to act independently at Edgehill, and that if the horse had been properly handled the Parliamentary army would have fared ill. Too much importance, however, has been attached to Edgehill. If Essex had been beaten, Charles would have started with a great advantage of course: but in the light of subsequent events one cannot understand how some writers have believed that had the Royalists won on this field the Civil War would have ended there and then. Falkland, it is true, thought so at the time; but it is quite clear that he saw deeper on the morning of the first battle of Newbury.

"Browning's Essay on Shelley." Being his introduction to the spurious Shelley letters. Edited, with an introduction by Richard Garnett. London: Moring. 1903.

We cannot see that any useful purpose is served by reprints such as this. Mr. Garnett does his work sensibly and clearly enough, pointing out Browning's faults as editor, and discussing Browning's prose and so forth. With what he says about the slovenliness of this prose, anyone who has tried miserably to struggle through a few of the pages of the "introductory essay" can heartily agree. We took the trouble to count in one case the number of words jostled and crammed between a couple of full stops; a trouble, however, less than that of reading the whole passage; and they amount to three hundred and eight. We think it would have been better to reprint in a volume by itself, and write an introduction to, Browning's little poem on Shelley. A series of single very short poems produced as reprints might "catch on"; the title "Little Flowers of Parnassus" has already been taken up; instead the "Pollen of Parnassus" might serve.

We have received the first bound volume of "Flora and Sylva" Mr. W. Robinson's monthly magazine. Attention is drawn to the wood engravings, plates, paper and print of this magazine, and certainly all concerned in the production have a right to feel proud of their work. The coloured plates are the least satisfactory feature from a purely æsthetic point of view of "Flora and Sylva", and we think that the editor might with advantage have chosen an English name for an English book rather than a Latin. There is scarcely a half-tone in the volume, so that the paper does not glitter or smell, and it has no nasty clay in it.

"Purchas His Pilgrimes" is a book of travel which Messrs. MacLehose propose to produce shortly on the same lines as their edition of Hakluyt which is treated of in this issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. It was published in 1625, and has never yet been reprinted. The "Pilgrimes" were "Adorned with pictures and Expressed in Mapps by Samuel Purchas B.D."

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Janvier. 3fr.

Le Vicomte d'Avenel pursuing his series of articles on the "Mechanism of Modern Life" treats this month of the hotel system and deals chiefly with the progress of the industry in France and the United States. He certainly gives us some extraordinary facts and figures with queer glimpses of the inns of old time. He is quite correct in saying that the cheaper inns of Paris are sadly deficient in the conveniences of modern life and even the more expensive compare ill with those of the United States. Prices in Paris except in regard to rent are much higher than they are in New York. The ridiculous Octroi system of course accounts for much, yet the profits of the enormous new caravanserais are steady and ample. The shareholders of the Elysée Palace received 440,000 francs profit, 7 per cent. on their capital, and 475,000 francs making an interest of 6 per cent. went to debenture-holders, while the total value of the business done amounted to 3½ million francs. This profit of hotelkeepers is little enough, as the writer remarks, compared with the huge sums dispensed yearly by the visitors attracted to the capital by commodious and comfortable hotels.

(Continued on page 120.)

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Paris could, he thinks, support several more of this class without the Elysée Palace feeling it. It is amusing to find that the one lift in Paris which has been set up to run with American rapidity so much alarmed its French occupants that it is now only allowed to move at half-speed. The ordinary lift in Paris is terrifying by reason of the sluggishness of its movements, nor in such a matter is slowness of motion necessarily associated with safety except in imagination.

ART BOOKS.

"Selected Drawings from Old Masters in the University Galleries and in the Library at Christ Church, Oxford." Part I. Chosen and described by Sidney Colvin. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1903. 63s. net.

The work before us, when completed, will add another to the series of facsimile reproductions from the rich English collections of Old Master drawings outside of the Print Room. Mr. Strong has edited two of these, from the Pembroke and Chatsworth collections; Mr. Colvin adds by this publication to the record of fine and careful scholarship made up of his labours as keeper of a national collection and as a writer on the history of art. Great credit is also due to the skill shown by the makers of these facsimiles under his supervision: it would be difficult to beat them, and the publishing of them is an act that does honour to the Oxford University Press.

The collections at Oxford drawn upon are that of the University galleries, and the less known but important Guise Collection at Christ Church, which has been recently rearranged and carefully mounted under the direction of Mr. York Powell. Part I. includes twenty drawings, representing the German, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools. Among the German drawings are a good example of the elder Holbein, and one of Matthias Grünewald, identified by Mr. Colvin from internal evidence and a truncated signature. Among the fifteen Italian drawings one or two hardly deserve this luxurious publication. The head ascribed to Carpaccio (11) is a poor wooden affair, and the "Montagna" of no great interest. On the other hand Leonardo is represented by the elaborate drawing of a head that Mr. Berenson has identified with his portrait of Scaramuccia, chief of the gypsies, and also by an equestrian figure that bears comparison with the beautiful example in the Wilton collection. There is a fine study for a Sistine figure by Michael Angelo, with interesting sketches for the supporters of the tomb of Julius on the same sheet. There is a charming sketch by Raphael for the Virgin with the Goldfinch, and a close copy of this is reproduced, making an interesting comparison. The two sketches by Correggio for decoration in the cathedral at Parma are of fine quality.

In the Netherlands group is a splendid drawing by Rubens of horses and men in a stable, one of those subjects that his disciple Delacroix delighted in, and a first-rate example of Rembrandt's life-studies; of drawing, not as design, but as an interpretation of solid form, it is the most remarkable illustration in the collection. Mr. Colvin speaks of the action as enigmatic. It is probable that the stick in the woman's hands is merely one often used in life-classes to fix an action, so that it may be drawn. Rembrandt may have posed this model for his pupils. The series ends with two Claudes, one a note of tree clumps, a little Japanese in effect, the other a charming composition.

We may add that the arrangement by which the descriptions are printed on sheets of flimsy paper attached to the reproduction referred to is an improvement on the old method of detached sheets.

"The Art of James McNeill Whistler: an Appreciation." By T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis. London: Bell. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

The authors, it appears, had been at work on this volume some time before Mr. Whistler's death, and intended to submit it to him before publication. It inevitably bears traces of this intention in its too equally sustained level of eulogy for the important and unimportant. In a word, it is not critical, and without a basis of criticism "appreciation" loses much of its effect. The authors, however, if their view of Whistler's sources and limits is faulty, give a very useful account of his work in its chronological order, accompanied by numerous illustrations. Some of these are new, like the portrait of M. Duret, the little water-colour that serves as frontispiece, and various studies. Not quite all of them deserved publication: Whistler, in his lifetime, was as judicious in what he withheld as in what he showed. It is a merit of the book that there is no re-hash in it of familiar gossip. It concludes with a list of work exhibited at the Royal Academy between 1859 and 1872, a very quiet and sufficient criticism on the body that did not, on the strength of this, secure Whistler as a member. The book is well printed and daintily bound.

The Connoisseur's Library. "Mezzotints." By Cyril Davenport. London: Methuen. 1904.

This is the first volume in a new series, under the general editorship, we believe, of Mr. Cyril Davenport. In shape the book is thick and square, it is somewhat heavy in the hand;

but the printing, by Constable, is handsome, and the photographic illustrations well executed.

Mr. Davenport has carried out the first part of his task very thoroughly, namely the history of the development of the process of mezzotint, the description of its varieties, and the account of the pioneers of the art, that fill the first two chapters. Collectors will thank him moreover for the details he gives of the proper way to preserve and to clean prints. The two chapters that follow on the mezzotint engravers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries read more scrappily, there is some want of perspective in the importance given to various engravers, and we cannot accept Mr. Davenport as a sure guide in matters of taste. The superfluous accounts of painters introduced are even, at points, a little comic. The book, however, condenses a good deal of information in a form useful for reference. The Print Room collection, already a large one, has been recently enriched by the Cheylesmore bequest and is now unrivalled as a collection of this peculiarly English art of the engraver. The student then, as well as the collector of stray mezzotints, will be glad of a general guide to the subject, and the names.

"The Anonimo: Notes on Pictures and Works of Art in Italy made by an Anonymous Writer in the Sixteenth Century." Translated by Paolo Mussi. Edited by George C. Williamson. London: Bell. 1903. 7s. 6d. net.

This book has been in the hands of connoisseurs for more than a century, since its discovery and publication by the Abate Morelli (to be distinguished from the later connoisseur of that name). But it has never before been translated into English, and Dr. Williamson will have the thanks of the now numerous students of Italian art in this country for his publication of Signor Mussi's version which is good, though not faultless. He has added to the text notes founded on Frizzoni's recent learned edition and added to them from other authorities. In many cases he has increased the usefulness of the book for reference by including illustrations of works referred to in the text. For those who have not made the acquaintance of "Morelli's Anonimo" it may be explained that the manuscript consisted of notes made, as if for a guide-book, in Padua, Venice and other cities of the North of Italy. It is now pretty well agreed that the author was Marcantonio Michiel, a Venetian, writing between 1516 and 1543, and these descriptions throw light on the history of works afterwards scattered, and help us also to realise what appeared notable to a traveller of the time in the cities he visited.

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